The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1923 NUMBER 439

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The Week

FRANCE and Germany may be deadlocked, as Lord Curzon declares, but they will have to find their way out, through peace or war, without any help from England under her present government. That government, Lord Curzon implies, will do nothing to antagonize Poincaré. That might jeopardize the Entente, and "one guiding consideration throughout has been that the Entente between France and Britain and their allies shall not be broken." England could not intervene even through the League, for that might lead to the withdrawal of France. Since Britain has to be content with the rôle of tail to the French kite, the best the British government can do is to urge Germany to accept terms that would utterly ruin the Republic. "If Germany were to make an offer of her willingness to pay and to have payment enforced by authorities charged with that duty, and if she offered specific guarantees for continued payments, an advance might be made." That means, if it means anything, the acceptance of an indemnity commission with power to levy taxes, and the pledge of specific territories that may be annexed by France in the event of German inability to pay. The German royalists would like nothing better than to see the republican government making such an offer as that.

"WE are profoundly convinced," Lord Curzon says, "that the Entente is the basis of European recovery." Lord Curzon has a good reason for putting a high price on the Entente. Nobody knows better than he the price Britain has paid for it in the Levant, where France, to put the screws on her ally, set the Turks up in the business of rewriting the Treaty of Sèvres. The remnants of the Armenian people, and Greece, packed with miserable refugees, also know something of the price. An arrangement which compels England to accept, if only with benevolent neutrality, so dangerous an enterprise as the Ruhr invasion, is a shaky "basis of European recovery." If the Entente were broken Lord Curzon sees "no limit to the chaos and to the perils to the peace of Europe." What limit can he see now, when France deliberately courts a new war and England dares not protest for fear of destroying the Entente? Does not France behave more recklessly than she would if England withdrew entirely? If we were in the League of Nations, should we find England consistently backing France, right or wrong, for fear that France would withdraw if she didn't have her way? A good many Americans suspect that the League would be a nest of just such pernicious liaisons. That is one of the reasons why opposition to our joining the League shows no signs of abating.

HOW does American opinion really stand on the Ruhr question? Mr. Guthrie, in Paris, tells the French that it heartily supports French policy. We doubt it. Such evidence as comes to us indicates rather that Americans are bored with the whole affair. At first they expected something to happen immediately. Some believed that at last the Germans would be forced into making substantial payments. Others feared that the invasion would promptly evoke resistance, and Europe would again find itself at war. It is now clear to every-

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body that the French are not collecting their expenses, and that the Germans have good sense enough not to bring massacre upon themselves if they can help it. Accordingly the Ruhr is no longer news, and the feeling about it runs so sluggishly that nobody can say in which direction the current is setting.

A YEAR ago a beautiful and child-like faith pervaded the nations that armaments could be reduced, perhaps abolished, by simple international agreement. Today the difficulties of such a procedure appear much greater. The famous treaty produced by the Washington Conference remains unratified by France, which obviously hopes that the threat to defeat it will be an effective club with which to secure American connivance in her policy in the Ruhr. The South American nations now in conference at Santiago, Chile, are also having trouble in seeking to put through a similar agreement among themselves. Chile's proposal that the Latin republics limit their capital ships to 60,000 tons for the next five years is rejected by Brazil, which wants a new battleship. Chile is willing to raise the limit to 80,000 tons for Brazil's sake, but the Argentine Republic won't consent because it feels Brazil has quite enough ships already; and in this deadlock, for the moment, the matter rests. It is fairly clear by now that no international proposal for reduction of armament can be generally ratified unless the situation it creates is satisfactory to the political group in control in each country; and that the burden of military and naval establishments on the tax payer is not necessarily a decisive factor in shaping the politicians' plans.

ALL sorts of things are happening to sugar—all, that is, except a reduction in the price. Mr. Daugherty, whose invariable remedy for anything gone wrong is a government injunction, has filed a petition in the U. S. District Court which calls the New York sugar exchanges some hard names, and seeks by injunction to prohibit dealings in futures. The Tariff Board solemnly declares that the Fordney-McCumber law is not responsible for the present price, though on Mr. Daugherty's own statement the new Cuban rate of 1.76 cents a pound is costing the people at least $175,000,000 a year, or an average of about $7 a family. Representative J. B. Aswell of Lousiana will introduce in the next session of Congress a bill to "end the sugar scandal" by control similar to that in the Grain Futures Act, recently upheld by the Supreme Court. Each day some leading Democrat issues a statement calling attention to the fact that the whole muddle is the result of the Republican baseness, stupidity and malevolence; each day we get a new estimate of the Cuban crop, varying by never less than 250,000 tons from that of the day before; and every day the price of sugar goes to a new high level, while the trade experts plead with the American housewife not to buy beyond her immediate necessities and at the same time warn her that twenty cent sugar is in prospect.

IN short, the government is making the usual pathetic exhibition of itself which is always witnessed when it seeks to interfere with fundamental economic movements. When profiteering exists—as is certainly the case with sugar today—it is made possible only by a belief, whether true or false, that a shortage impends. No action yet taken by the government has served to dispel this belief, and the widespread publicity only acts to make the path of the gouger all the easier. In the long run, the present situation will cure itself. If, as the Department of Commerce believes, the present world consumption of sugar sufficiently outruns production to bring about a scarcity in the course of eighteen months or two years, the price will rise in spite of everything the government can do; Mr. Daugherty can no more keep sugar down by injunction than he was able to mine coal by means of the same panacea. The increased price will be followed by increased production which in the long run must produce a glut and bring the price down again. By the time this has happened, however, it seems likely that Mr. Harding and Mr. Daugherty may be back in Ohio on the sidelines. The one thing the government could do to reduce the price of sugar—abolishing the tariff—we may be sure will not be done. The American beet and cane sugar gentlemen will see to that.

THE railroads, the Times reports, resent bitterly the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission to answer questions on labor and the state of their rolling stock. The trouble with those questions is that the answers would reveal the whole policy of the railways with respect to the shopmen still on strike. The railways would have to tell what terms of settlement they have offered, what proportion of the men have accepted the terms, what terms the men still on strike would accept. The railways would also have to tell the names of all detective agencies under contract with them to protect their property and employees, and the total amounts paid to such agencies. To answer such questions, the railways protest, would place in the hands of politicians and radical labor leaders facts and statistics for which they have been clamoring for years. We think that in view of the attitude of the public toward the railways, the fewer claims they make to the privilege of secrecy the better for them. They fought the shopmen, they say, in the interest of the public as well as in their own interest. The public shared the inconveniences of the struggle, and the costs. The public will be greatly interested in the information the questions will elicit, and considers that it has a right to that information.

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THE Tariff Commission, after a preliminary survey and a conference with the President, may investigate tariff schedules on its own initiative. Where it acts upon complaint, it may broaden the inquiry to take in related subjects. This is the President's decision. It goes far toward making the Tariff Commission a body with real powers, capable of exerting a significant influence on the economic development of the country.

THE Department of Commerce is no doubt justified in warning business against the dangers of over-expansion. There is an impressive array of facts which proves conclusively that we are pushing at full speed toward a boom, which like all other booms will have its revenge in depression. But we find difficulty in seeing just how the warning can take effect, in the individual case. The manufacturer is not working toward expansion in general. He is producing as rapidly as he can all the goods for which he can see a profitable market. Similarly with all other business. There is nothing unusually risky about the particular transaction to cause the business man to proceed with caution. It is the collective body of transactions, which no individual's action can affect perceptibly, that is risky. Evidently the remedy must be collective, if it is to work. Rising rates of interest and of wages help to keep production within bounds, but experience has shown that these forces operate too sluggishly and irregularly to prevent dangerous expansion. They could be profitably supplemented by unemployment insurance, which would put a tax on prosperity for the purpose of easing off the distress of depression.

HOPE springs eternal in the bourgeois breast. Its newest flower is a convention, to be held in Berne next September, for the purpose of forming a worldwide middle class union to resist the encroachments of radicalism of all sorts. The idea that the middle class can unionize for its own protection seems as immortal as it is wrong. Persons most of whom are engaged in non-essential occupations (non-essential at least in the sense that the community can survive for months or years without them) and who are themselves the first sufferers by a disruption of the social machinery, cannot hope to insure their survival by the methods of labor unionism. Not even control of the government by radicals is needed to bring the middle class to the brink of destruction; it is only necessary to inflate the currency as has been done in Germany, Poland, Austria and Russia, to crush the white-collar man between the upper and the nether millstone. The bourgeoisie is strong, not in its productive but its consumptive capacity; and it can wield ten times as much influence organized in cooperative purchasing societies as in meaningless imitations of labor unions.

Mr. Lasker's White Elephant

WHAT next in shipping? The subsidy bill is clearly dead; so is the attempt to sell the ships at government prices to private American operators; and no one seems to be taking seriously Mr. Harding's threat that the Shipping Board will operate vessels on "eighteen or twenty" routes on its own account and ruin any shipping man foolhardy enough to compete. The ships remain where they were—most of them sitting in the mud, and the rest being operated at varying losses, the size of which cannot be determined because the Shipping Board gets most of its repairs at government yards, and makes no charge for capital investment nor, apparently, in some cases for depreciation. However, the total loss is certainly at least a million dollars a week.

In this situation it seems worth while to revert to a few fundamental facts which have been lost in the cloud of propaganda for and against—mostly for—the ship subsidy. It is deplorable that the existence of the government fleet should have been made the excuse for an attempt to fasten the policy of subvention on the country, on the ground that only thus could the ships be sold and the government loss on upkeep avoided. In fact, the two things have no genuine relation to each other.

The world possessed 64,000,000 tons of ocean-going vessels in 1922, of which Great Britain claimed 19,000,000 tons, the United States 17,000,000, and no other power as much as 4,000,000. Conditions since the war have been too abnormal to give statistics on construction much validity, but during the four years previous to 1914 the average annual building was about 3,000,000 tons. Of America's 17,000,000 tons, more than 12,000,000 belong to the government fleet, but it is taken for granted that not more than 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons of this will ever be used. The remainder is unseaworthy, or badly-designed, or both.

Viewed in world terms, therefore, America's fleet is by no means such an unmitigated white elephant. Five million tons is less than two years' normal world-requirement. Moreover, the shipyards of the maritime nations, except Germany, have stood idle for nearly two years past, so that there is a considerable deficit of ships. While America's fleet would not altogether meet this need, since marine architecture advances rapidly, and ships wanted are usually of a specified type not easily supplied from existing tonnage, there is no doubt that with reviving trade our vessels will again become salable, which they have not been during the world-wide depression. If we chose to sell our ships on world markets, at prices somewhat less than new construction cost, we should probably be able to dispose of the 5,000,000 tons of "cream" without much trouble;

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and we might even sell some of the inferior vessels at less than replacement cost, but more than the junkman pays.

But no one has seriously considered selling our ships on the world market. From first to last, Washington has taken it for granted that America ought to have a merchant marine, and that this is impossible without some sort of subsidization.

Aside from the purely sentimental appeal—"put Old Glory back on the Seven Seas"—two reasons are advanced for penalizing ourselves by insisting that goods shall go in expensive American ships rather than cheap foreign ships. The first of these is the military argument. After the Washington conference everyone went about saying that since we were "scrapping the navy" we needed a great fleet of merchant vessels under our flag; and it was suggested more or less openly that in this way we could violate the moral obligation of the armament treaty while maintaining its letter. In the whole course of the subsidy discussion, however, no one has attempted to bring this argument down to earth by finding out what sort of merchant ships the navy needs, and how many. No one has calculated the number of times in each decade such an auxiliary merchant marine would probably need to be scrapped and rebuilt because of advances in naval science and marine architecture. No one has inquired how far, with the rapid obsolescence of the battleship and the transference of sea warfare into aerial warfare, the whole argument may be invalidated in the future, however far it may have been true in the past.

The other argument is commercial. It is said that with American ships going to all parts of the world, the agents of these ships in foreign ports would become invaluable allies of American exporters and importers, drumming up trade, collecting commercial information, and making themselves useful in a score of other ways. If you grant the underlying assumption that America ought to have a very large export trade, this is indeed a powerful argument; certainly the system has worked well for the British. But here again, no real inquiry into the facts has been made. Subsidization has been demanded for ships plying to all ports, whereas it is clear that there are some regions—Europe, for instance—where the effort to aid business through steamship agencies is a work of supererogation. Also, no one has considered whether better results might not be obtained by spending some part of a million dollars a week in hiring special commercial representatives and placing them in the leading ports of South America and the Far East, instead of spending a whole million a week (or more) to achieve the same end through a subsidy.

Assuming, however, that both the military and the commercial arguments are valid, there remains a still more fundamental question on which no genuine scientific inquiry has ever been made. Is it a fact that ships cannot operate in world trade under the American flag without subvention? While a great cloud of words has been uttered in affirmation of this point, nearly all of it has been propaganda from people with an axe to grind. It is true that before the war, very few ships were under the American flag except in the coastwise trade; and American wages and living standards were higher than those of the chief maritime nations. It is also true, however, that as good an authority as Captain Robert Dollar believes American shipowners need no subsidy today. The Marine Engineers' Association of New York agrees with him to the extent of being willing to put $300,000 of its own money into ships, which the officials declare they can operate successfully if they can own them at a cost of $10 a ton. Moreover, when times are good and cargoes outnumber vessels, wages and subsistence costs in foreign ships tend to approach, if not to equal, American standards.

The election last November clearly showed that Mr. Lasker has been making a howling failure in his own profession, which is that of advertising man. He has never succeeded in "selling" his idea about the necessity for a merchant marine and the impossibility of having one without subvention, to the American people. He told us we must choose between spending $50,000,000 a year on keeping the fleet idle, or the same sum on a subsidy. In point of fact, these are not the only choices. When world trade was at the low ebb of 1921-22, ships could not be sold to any one at any reasonable price; but with the present revival in shipping, the choice which confronts us is quite otherwise. We can sell a large part of our usable 5,000,000 tons on the world market, if we wish to; or we can keep the ships under the American flag and operate them, if the facts warrant whatever burden of expense to the treasury may be involved. The people and the Congress, with sound judgment, rejected a specious plea for wholesale subsidization proposed in a dangerous, bungling bill. But if an impartial and scientific investigation were conducted to discover (a) whether a subsidy is really necessary, (b) how many ships and of what sort our Navy requires as an auxiliary force in time of war, (c) whether it is better to keep commercial agents abroad as representatives of steamship companies or as salaried Government employees and (d) to what parts of the world, if any, it is desirable to maintain American lines—if this were done, the whole discussion would be lifted to an entirely new plane. The New Republic believes that the people would accept the results of such an investigation and would be willing to translate them into appropriate legislation.

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Concessions and the Open Door

WE Americans are convinced supporters of the "open door" principle. To begin with, it is one of our few established traditions in international affairs. It was formulated in 1899—a long time ago, as American history goes—and both Republican and Democratic administrations have championed it. But beyond that, it looks to us like a rule of common fairness which must be universally followed if the nations are ever to live in peace. We demand for our nationals equal privileges with those of any other country in the undeveloped territories of the world that have not yet been reduced to the status of colonies. We do not seek exclusive privileges. If China or Persia or Turkey wishes to open up new provinces through the construction of a railway, we ask only that our nationals shall be admitted to the bidding, and that their bids shall be accepted in case they are the most favorable. We do not ask that oil fields or ore deposits shall be turned over to us as an act of grace, but that we shall be permitted to bid for them. We do not want for ourselves any "spheres of influence" in which everything comes our way as a matter of course; neither are we willing to recognize the creation of new spheres of influence from which we are excluded.

But just now the French and the British newspapers are warning us that if we back up the Chester concession in Asia Minor we shall in effect have abandoned the open door principle and have set out to create for ourselves a sphere of influence. We may, if we choose, evade the issue by a nice definition of the kind of support we propose to give the concessionaries, if any. Perhaps we mean to back up the concessionaries only as we back up the American importers who can't get out of the Ruhr the goods they had contracted for. That would be very different from the rôles played by France, Japan and England in their Asiatic spheres of influence.

But the Chester concession raises much more fundamental problems. It throws doubt upon the reality of the open door principle in a world of sweeping concessions. Perhaps we have exaggerated its potency for preserving harmony among competing industrial nations. Grant, for the sake of argument, that in the judgment of the Turkish government Admiral Chester offered the best bid; that a French or a British syndicate could have had the concession if it had offered better terms. Grant that there is no question of the right of the Turkish government to offer the concession. Nevertheless, how much of an open door would the rest of the world enjoy after the concession had been granted?

Primarily the concession represents a network of railways, covering pretty thoroughly the northern part of Asia Minor, to which Imperial Russia formerly claimed rights of inheritance when Turkey should be broken up. The net would connect with the Bagdad railway, and at several points would reach the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean near Alexandretta. From the point of view of railway strategy the project is beautifully planned. It would hold the upper hand in dealing with the Bagdad railway, and with any road the British may construct from the Persian Gulf through Mesopotamia.

But no railway can be constructed in such territory as Asia Minor for the mere profits from traffic. Rights of exploitation are essential. And *these are granted bountifully to the Chester concessionaries.* They receive the mineral rights in a strip of twenty kilometers on each side of their track, and so far as we can judge the lines have been laid out with a view to including within this strip about all the mineral wealth of Asia Minor. Whatever oil or minerals may be found beyond the conceded strip could be worked only by grace of the company which controls transportation. All the oil, copper, iron and other produces of this region might be shipped direct to America, if the concessionaries chose. All the construction materials and supplies might be brought directly from America. Of course this would not be likely to be the case. The concessionaries would wish to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. But they would have to draw immense sums of capital from America, and there are often conditions attached to such loans.

We are not declaiming against this concession as a peculiarly injurious specimen of its kind. On the contrary, if we may trust the press reports, Turkey has taken quite unusual precautions to safeguard her national interests, reserving the right of recapture within a reasonable time and prescribing regulations designed to protect her people against enslavement. There are no end of Asiatic concessions that are more deserving of condemnation than this one. But the fact remains that the nations of Europe regard this concession with grave concern. And we think that the concern is justified.

For the world is passing out of the stage in which the competition of nations took the form of a struggle for markets. It is entering upon the stage of a struggle for raw materials. All the industrial nations are hungry for raw materials. They have the capacity to work up more iron ore, copper, wood, oil, than they can get. The supply is not enough to go around, and each nation measures anxiously the industrial appetite of the others. And all of them view with dismay the Gargantuan capacity of the United States.

The open door offers them no assurance. Admitting the gazelle and the elephant to the hayrack on equal terms is a sorry joke on the gazelle. If concessions for the exploitation of

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limited sources of raw material are to be put up to the highest bidder America will get the elephant's share.

The open door principle needs amplification if it is to meet the requirements of justice between nations. The natural resources of the non-industrial nations cannot properly be distributed under spheres of influence. They are needed, and under the sphere of influence scheme they might fall into the hands of nations that have not the capital or the enterprise required for their development. From the point of view of production the open door principle is far more satisfactory. The difficulty lies in distribution.

And for this difficulty there is apparently only one adequate solution, and that is that every concessionary be required to conduct his business in an international, not a nationalistic spirit. In the end there will have to be systematic arrangements for rationing raw materials among the nations, if there is to be a society of nations resting on a basis of fairness. But pending such an arrangement an approximation to fairness could be attained if every concessionary were required to refrain from all nationalistic discrimination. If an American secures a concession he has a right to the profits of promotion. But let him give all the world equal opportunity to subscribe the capital, to bid on supplies and to purchase the product. The richest nation would get more than its share, even under such conditions, but the poorer nations would not find their poverty aggravated by the danger of absolute exclusion.

The Legal Right to Starve

MISS WILLIE A. LYONS of Washington was twenty-one years old and had a satisfactory job, running an elevator in the Congress Hall Hotel. She got $35 a month and two meals a day; the work was light, the hours short, the place clean and respectable. The Minimum Wage Board of Washington decided that such wages were not enough to keep a woman strong and decent, and as the Congress Hall Hotel Company was unwilling to pay her more, Miss Lyons lost her job. By this she felt wronged, and five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court held that she might have her place back at her old wages, despite the powers of the Board.

Nobody asserts that an individual may choose for himself everything that he thinks for his interest. There are many instances to the contrary, even in respect of wage contracts. A workman may be prevented from taking his pay in goods, or unless calculated in prescribed ways. He may not work about unguarded machinery, or in unhealthy or overcrowded factories. Nor may a woman work more than a certain number of hours a day —and this was supposed to apply equally to men, until the case which has just been decided, which may throw some doubt upon it. It would seem that the relation between one's wages and one's health and safety is as direct as that between that health and safety and the machinery or factory where one works. There appears to be as near a relation between one's welfare and the hours spent at work, as between that welfare and those spent at leisure, for the quality of that leisure will be determined by the wages one takes away from the factory.

Somewhere there must be a principle which will determine what things a man may freely choose for himself, and what he may not; what Congress or the states may, or may not, forbid him in his own supposed interest. There will be no dispute, we believe, that the courts have professed to leave the regulation of such matters to the legislatures until they can see no relation between the statute and any sane policy which a reasonable person might entertain. Entertain, that is, in the sense that it contributes to the "health, morals or welfare," either of the people at large or of a substantial group. While there is a debatable difference of opinion, the courts stand aside; they intervene only in those cases where no one can rationally support the statute. All agree on the principle; the difficulty is in its application.

As the New Republic pointed out last week, the law which deprived Miss Lyons of her job had had many forerunners and represented, no doubt, the convictions of millions of people. It depended upon the belief that a woman might be forced by necessity to accept wages which could be higher without throwing her out of her job; that it made for her welfare and for the public's as well, if the resulting conditions of her life were more comfortable and decent.

Perhaps that belief is wrong. It is a tangled economic question on which men far more advised in such matters than a judge can possibly be, are not agreed. But it makes not the slightest difference whether it is right or wrong, so it be tenable, and to deny its tenability is really to be unaware of much present-day thinking. The error in this decision is therefore one of fact; the court asserts that to be beyond the compass of reasonable belief which reasonable men actually believe.

How does such a mistake occur? It is, we believe, from our nearly invincible tendency to think that that which is demonstrable to us is equally clear to our fellows, and that differences of opinion are perverse. True, judges are supposed to be relatively exempt from this failing, and so perhaps they are, but their immunity is at best only partial. A man does not get to be a justice of the Supreme Court chiefly because he can detach himself from the convictions and prejudices of his class or his time. He emerges in large part because he has established his position in his community by

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force of character and by a reputation for integrity and strength of will. These are high qualities, but they do not necessarily go along with a tolerant acceptance of other men's opinions. Such men are leaders, but they are not accustomed patiently to accept opinions which seem to them mischievous and deadly.

Such being apparently the result of experience, the real question is whether any way may be devised by which a closer correspondence can be reached between precept and performance than has too often existed in this class of case. So it has been suggested for example that in declaring laws unconstitutional a bare majority of the Supreme Court should not be enough. Yet here a distinction must be drawn. There are some constitutional questions which ought to be decided by a majority. We must not forget that our government is a federal nation, neither a federation nor an unconditional sovereign. Without a final tribunal with power to keep in their proper spheres both the states and the nation, we should hardly get along at all. It would be undesirable to put in the hands of a third of the Supreme Court the power to uphold any state statute however it might trench upon the nation's powers, or a federal statute which infringed upon the states.'

The case of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments is however different. There, as we have said, the questions are in their nature essentially legislative, as no candid person can doubt who reads more than a little of the opinions. If it be the traditional theory of our government that courts should not intervene in such matters while there is any fair doubt, it would seem to be a reasonable corollary that a fair doubt arises when nine presumably competent men decide as near equally as their numbers admit. Of course, it is true that their division is not theoretically as to whether the law is wise, but as to whether any one can think it wise, and if the distinction were always observed, trouble would not arise. But it appears to us that there has been ample evidence that in practice the distinction has not been observed, and that there is a constant danger of confusing the two propositions. Practically, therefore, we ask whether the actual purpose of the Constitution might not best be served, if some concession to principle were admitted and more than a majority had to agree that a law had no rational support in policy.

Senator Borah's resolution if incorporated into the Constitution and limited to the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments would have reversed most of the critical cases. In so doing it would have avoided those strains upon the authority of, and confidence in, the Court which have been more serious than it ought to be called on to bear. We submit that the most practicable, and most conservative, discussion will be along that line. But it is dangerous to do nothing.

Import Tariffs and the Next Campaign

WHEN Mr. Fordney was defending himself against the criticism leveled at the Republican Tariff Act of September 1922, he blazed out with this bit of old-time protective logic. "To those who believe in flooding our markets with cheap foreign goods, closing our mills, throwing our labor out of employment and mortgaging our farms, while the foreign mills run overtime, foreign farms thrive and labor prospers, this act is, as proclaimed by them, 'infamous' and 'outrageous,' but to those who believe in American prosperity, in American institutions and American labor, this act is salvation." It was the story that he and other Republican politicians had learned during the nineties, and undoubtedly it flowed from him as easily and naturally under the stress of campaign speech-making as perspiration bursts from the pores of the political orator.

Judged from the standpoint of its efficacy as a revenue producer, the Fordney tariff is an unqualified success. It stimulated imports, and therefore customs receipts, in September, even before it was passed; so that that month showed revenues which were twice as large as our average monthly receipts for a decade past. In the six months, October 1922 to March 1923, inclusive, customs receipts totalled $276,113,000, as against $178,597,000 during the corresponding months of the previous year. For the twelve months ended June 1922, customs receipts had been $356,443,000; for the twelve months ended June 1921, they were $308,564,000. The highest point reached previously was in 1910, when customs receipts amounted to almost $334,000,000. Under the Fordney tariff the collections reached two million dollars a day in March. For the first twelve days of April they averaged over $1,600,000, despite the fact that that period includes two Sundays. They are still running at almost two million dollars for every working day.

It seems likely, then, that in the first year of its operation the Fordney tariff will yield more than half a billion of revenue. No other schedule of import duties has ever accomplished anything like this. But what of its effect upon imports? It appears now that our imports for the months from January to April 1923, inclusive, will amount to more than $1,300,000,000, as against $906,000,000 for the corresponding months of last year. In fact, it is altogether likely that when the final figures of imports and exports for February and March appear, they will show an unfavorable trade balance.

The preliminary figures of imports for January stand at $319,000,000. The exports of that month were $336,000,000. For February exports stood at $307,106,000. In March the preliminary

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estimates of the government values exports at $350,000,000. What the imports were for these recent months we do not yet know, but judging by the tariff duties collected from importers, they were even larger in February than in January, while March is far in excess of either month. The customs receipts by months since December have been as follows:

December, 1922.....	$37,502,000
January, 1923.....	46,346,000
February, 1923.....	48,311,000
March, 1923.....	62,172,000

It seems clear, then, that the tariff has not succeeded in "protecting the American manufacturer and laborer from the flood of cheap foreign goods." On the contrary, America has probably seen its first unfavorable trade balance in many years under the Fordney tariff.

This flood of imports is likely to have some interesting consequences, both economic and political. From the standpoint of the farmers and all others who must market a large part of their product abroad, these consequences will be altogether favorable. These imports will put Europe in possession of purchasing power and so will stimulate the effective demand for American exports. They should also operate to reduce the price of manufactured goods in our own market. The things which the farmer buys should, therefore, be in a more favorable relation to the prices of his products than they have been in the past few years. It would not be at all surprising to see the present price advance checked earlier than most analysts had expected. For if the present flood of imports continues, it will certainly have an effect upon prices here. There seems every likelihood, too, that the farmer is facing a better price situation for his crops this autumn than he has seen for some time. One of the effects of this volume of imports will be a balance between agricultural prices and the price of manufactured goods.

But more interesting, even if not more important, than these economic results is the probable effect of all this upon the legislative problems which will confront the next Congress when it meets in December. It is already certain that the Fordney tariff will be blamed for a large portion of our price increase and of the rising cost of living. The complaint over the rise of sugar prices will not down. The cost of living will undoubtedly increase materially before next December. And the tariff will be blamed for it. So the Republican majority in Congress will inevitably have the tariff issue forced upon its attention by the farmers and the laboring classes who see in it the most potent cause of the increase in prices.

But if the present volume of imports continues, our next Congress is likely to have an entirely new tariff problem on its hands. It is not conceivable that our American manufacturers will submit to the competition of these foreign imports without protest. If ever the time-honored Republican protective measure was called for, this will seem the time to the American manufacturer. Think of the Congressmen who will be beset by their manufacturing constituents for protection against the ruinous foreign competition. It will be a delightful spectacle to see our friends in Congress beset at once by demands for a reduction in the tariff in order that the cost of living may be lowered and by a demand for a higher tariff to protect the manufacturer from the cheap foreign labor. It will be the more embarrassing because of the time-honored political rule that the tariff must not be tinkered with just before election. It may be possible to put the manufacturers off with promises. If this is done, the tariff will be one of the main issues in the campaign of 1924.

The Republican party can, if it wishes, forestall this issue. But to do so it must come out with a frank and trenchant analysis of the changed international situation which confronts us; and it must give up its sentimental twaddle about protecting America from Europe. The events of the last eight years have worked to produce, quite naturally, a balance of imports. We have repurchased many billions of American securities held abroad in 1914; we have loaned Europe another dozen billion of new capital. We are now insisting upon the payment of principal and interest. Unless we take our pay in services rendered to Americans travelling abroad, or in ocean transportation, we must take imports. The only alternative is to loan the annual balances which Europe owes us back to her and add them to the amounts which she already owes us. There is no telling when the Republican leaders will wake up to this import situation, nor how they will handle it when they are aroused from their slumbers. But it would seem as though they might save themselves a deal of trouble during the next eighteen months if they started a campaign of tariff education within their own ranks.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
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The Answer to the Railroad Riddle

THE results of our three years' experience with the Transportation Act were assessed in the New Republic of April 4, 1923, as: bad earnings, bad service and increasingly bad relations with labor. The conclusions reached were that only radical changes in organization, policies, administration and managerial personnel would enable our railroads to render the essential service needed, for reasonable rates, with reasonable returns to their owners; and that before the next Congress meets the problem should be fully and dispassionately discussed, in the hope that public opinion may crystallize on some real remedy. The following is an attempt to contribute to such discussion. Before taking up the problem of practicable remedies, however, brief consideration of some recent history and a little further analysis of the present situation are desirable.

During the past five years we have tried some interesting and instructive experiments. For years, railroad managers have contended that the chief source of their troubles was that rates were made too low by the Interstate Commerce Commission; that if the railroads were permitted to raise rates as they desired, both owners and users would be well served. The unsoundness of this plausible and strongly urged contention has now been demonstrated, for the managers have been allowed to try the experiment. In 1920 the Commission let the managers make, in effect, their own rates, and they made them admittedly at least as high as the traffic will bear. No competent, informed person now contends that more revenue can be secured by further rate-raising. But, as pointed out in the previous article, the net earnings shown were, for the years 1920-22, less than half the amount contemplated by the Transportation Act. If we pass 1920, when nothing was earned, the earnings shown in 1921 and 1922 averaged less than $700,000,000 a year, or more than $200,000,000 less than the "standard return" of federal control—based on the average earnings for the three years ending June 30, 1917, when the rates were about half the average for the past three years.

A Limit to Possible Income

It is fairly plain that, as our railroads are now organized and managed, they cannot, on any rates that American industry can and will pay, obtain money enough to operate and keep up their properties and make a fair return to the owners. There is a pretty definite and easily reached limit to the amount American industry will pay for such transportation service as our railroads, under their present cumbersome and wasteful policy of using heavy equipment and operating long and heavy trains, are giving us. Less expense, and not more revenue from rate-raising, is the only hope for our railroad owners.

Present propaganda, based on a probably short-lived period of heavy traffic, with some spots of actual, or at any rate apparent, good earnings shown, should not disguise the situation. The conditions we are considering are fundamental and persistent. The recently reported plan of the railway executives to spend this year from $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 on new facilities, raising the money mostly on bonds—as obviously it must be raised if it is obtainable at all—simply shows blind and persistent disregard of the facts of controlling importance. It is a program unsound, even reckless. To add another billion to debts already about two and a half times the dividend-paying stocks will damage stockholders; and it will not give us good service. Raising high-cost money to spend on high-priced equipment, to be used wastefully and inefficiently, may increase the profits of railroad supply concerns and of the bankers that distribute the securities.

New England Memories

This announced plan reminds a New Englander of the painful fate of those who put, in perfect good faith, $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 into the stocks of our chief New England railroad companies, on which they are having (in most cases for ten years) no return whatever. Investors in New England railroads have suffered in, say, a dozen years, losses in market value of their securities of at least $400,000,000 to $500,000,000: losses due in the main to bad organization, and worse management. Their lot may be taken as symptomatic of what will happen to railroad stockholders throughout the country unless they organize and make a radical change in the organization and management of their properties. If our railroad managers would learn to use what facilities they have, efficiently and cooperatively, much, probably most, of this proposed expenditure would prove to be unnecessary.

Both recent history and present condition emphatically indicate that unless greatly increased economy and efficiency are developed, neither owners nor users will have any satisfactory status. Now the experience of the last five years suggests that we:

(1) Look to unification as the greatest single available source of economy.

(2) Create a new and responsible status for labor, under which strikes will be neither desired nor lawful.

First, as to unification: A comparison of the financial results of twenty-six months of unified

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operation under federal control with the results during the subsequent thirty-six months of restored corporation control shows clearly that enormous economies accrued simply from unified control. Unified control was undertaken under conditions very unfavorable for a showing of economy and efficiency: many of the best of both official and operating staff were in the war; neither labor nor material was available for any except absolutely needed extensions and repairs of the railroad plant; traffic was badly congested and weather conditions in the winter of 1918 were unusually bad; during about half the federal control period, war was flagrant, requiring expensive, expedited movement of troops, munitions and food supplies; in wartime economy is little thought of—all minds are bent on winning the war at whatever cost; perhaps most important, the rates during these twenty-six months averaged about two-thirds only of the rates charged during the subsequent thirty-six months of restored corporation control. Nevertheless, with all these adverse conditions to contend with, our railroad plant, unified, earned about $48,000,000 a month as contrasted with about $38,000,000 a month during the subsequent thirty-six months under disintegrated corporation control.

Explanations Which Don't Explain

The significance of these figures cannot be escaped. Here we have, under vaunted corporation management, a slightly larger plant, under conditions somewhat more favorable as to official and operating staff, rates 50 percent higher—and yet the net earnings are about $10,000,000 a month less than under a hastily constituted and badly handicapped government bureau.

The enormous unexplained, and apparently inexplicable, increase of more than $1,400,000,000 in expenses in 1920 over 1919 teaches the same lesson. Before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, the railroad managers adduced great masses of explanation that did not explain. True, the Labor Board, with the practical assent of the railroad managers, in July 1920 made a wage increase retroactive to May 1st, estimated to amount to $600,000,000 a year, which would account for about $400,000,000 of the 1920 expense increment. But this leaves $1,000,000,000 of increased expense, due largely probably mainly, to the wastes of disintegrated and disintegrating operation of what is now in essential nature a *single* transportation system. Except perhaps as to degree, these results are just what a student of rail-highway transportation would expect. Note a few reasons.

Every inter-company junction is a point of friction, confusion and waste. Cars should have no homes: they should be repaired when and where they need repair. Empty hauling, in substantial amount inevitable, has probably been at least double what it would be under a unified system. Expert engineer evidence was recently given to the effect that a unified freight car system would alone ground a saving of $300,000,000 a year—nearly $1,000,000 a day. Separate traffic and ticket agencies are waste, and competitive solicitation of freight traffic frequently worse-than waste. Freight should go on the line that can carry it most economically and promptly, which is not always the shortest or on the best grades. When the best routes are used to capacity, it is more economical to divert traffic to existing though less advantageously conditioned routes than to increase the facilities along the best routes. Many millions are annually wasted on publicity, advertising, labor spies, lobbyists, lawyers, bankers. Our rail-highways are now blocked by all sorts of predatory squatters. Until the lines are under unified control, we shall have many and frequent spots of expensive traffic congestion. The law of increasing returns under which our railroad men have been trained tends to make every trunk line a gourmand, eating more than it can digest. These points are but illustrative of wastes now running all through the system.

Since Mr. Brandeis about ten years ago stirred the country by saying that efficiencies and economies were practicable involving a saving of a million dollars a day, the revenues (and rates also) have about doubled. It is probable that inefficiencies and wastes are proportionately larger today than ten years ago, and that, properly organized, equipped and run, our rail lines could give us better service at a cost of $2,000,000 a day less than the present cost.

Consolidations into a few large, but competitive systems under the Transportation Act would do something, but not enough, to meet present financial or transportation needs. Besides, there is no prospect of any seasonable consolidations under the wordy and unadapted machinery of that Act. Government action under a federal charter is absolutely requisite. But the problem of unifying is far simpler than is generally assumed. No expropriation or other valuation procedings are needed. Unification is only a big consolidation. Our railroads belong, not to the companies, which are mere corporation shells holding legal title, but to the holders of about ten and a half billions of bonds and perhaps eight billions of stock, approximately half dividend-paying and half non-dividend-paying. These railroad owners, as owners, are interested in two things only: (1) The return on their stocks and bonds; (2) The market value of their stocks and bonds, which is, of course, based upon return or the lack of it.

Ornamental Directors

The executive and financial staffs and those having intimate relations with them—not the real owners—are the parties chiefly interested in the continued life and power of the railroad companies.

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The directors are chiefly ornamental, since the Clayton Act prohibited the scandalous interlocking directorates through which so many forms of polite robbery were consummated. Mostly they do not direct; rarely are they large stockholders; frequently they are much surprised at the outcome of policies to which they have given unwitting assent. For present purposes, the important fact is that this great railroad plant belongs to the bondholders and stockholders, who want safety for their investments, and have no interest in continued salaries to superfluous and incompetent operating staffs, under whom they see their properties dissipated through labor troubles fomented under the guidance of outside and adverse interests. Unification can easily be attained by induced but voluntary trades with these real owners.

A Federal Corporation

To unify, Congress should create a federal corporation, with broad charter powers to be exercised under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This company should be authorized, inter alia, to:

(1) Assume, principal and interest, the bonds and other valid debts of the railroad companies, but with power in the Commission to eliminate (or reduce the cost of) a few bond issues not fairly representative of sound values.

(2) Issue its new 6 percent standard dividend stock (or part stock and part company bonds at a lower rate of return) in exchange for old stocks, on the basis of an annual return not exceeding the average of dividends on the old stocks during, say, five to ten years past. Thus Pennsylvania stockholders would swap about share for share.

(3) Exchange its stock (or bonds) for the stocks of non-dividend-paying roads for an amount at par of the new securities not exceeding the value of such old stocks above the debts of such railroads, as determined by the Commission.

(4) The new stock certificates should contain a provision authorizing the government at any time to take over the stock at par and accrued standard dividends, thus providing definite and simple machinery for complete expropriation if hereafter found desirable.

(5) Of course the usual provisions must be included as to dissenting stockholders and for transfer of title of the properties to the new corporation.

(6) Other obviously necessary legal powers need not be detailed. But power to take stock, as well as property, by eminent domain, should be included. Compare Offield v. N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. 203 U. S., 372.

This plan would involve no change noticeable by bondholders, except that holders of low-class bonds would find them practically all first class. But this advantage would cost neither the rate-payer nor the stockholder anything. It would be a natural and incidental result of improved organization. Indeed, the government might well guarantee all properly outstanding bonds. They bear an average interest rate of only about 4½ percent —hardly more than the government has to pay on its own bonds.

Manifestly, stockholders would eagerly exchange their present stocks for a standard 6 percent dividend stock issued by the new company operating under a service-at-cost rate mandate. They might well be asked to take a somewhat lower rate of return, because of the increased assurance of dividends and consequent improved market value of their holdings. Whether the government should guarantee, say, 3 or 4 percent of the 6 percent standard dividend should be carefully considered. Such guarantee should cost the government nothing, and would enable the new company to obtain new capital at a lower rate, and thus in the long run help the rate-payer and the general public.

A New Status for Labor

Unification and financing are not enough. Successful and profitable operation involves the human equation. We shall have no adequate and economically rendered service until the 2,000,000 employees, now mostly organized into labor unions, are given a new and adequate incentive for loyal, uninterrupted and efficient service. Labor as well as management is now grossly inefficient. Here we must experiment with new methods: the old have utterly failed. Witness the strikes of the past three years and what they have cost the country in general, and the railroad security-holders in particular. Why not recognize that the man who gives his life to an industry has more interest in the orderly and efficient progress of that industry than has the absentee stockholder or bondholder; that such employee is in a better position and has a stronger motive to help select a competent managerial staff than have the owners who, in practical business administration, generally exercise no selective choice whatsoever? Labor must share in the *responsibility* of management—not as a privilege, perhaps not as a right, but as a duty, and because other methods have proved unworkable.

Why not try something along these lines: Let management of the unified system be vested in, say, fifteen directors, paid reasonable salaries (but not the exorbitant salaries now paid many railroad presidents), located in Washington, and authorized and required to divide the rail highways into a desirable number of effective managerial operating units. Local control of operation as complete as practicable should be sought. State Public Service Commissions should be invested with federal functions for local purposes. This may be constitutionally done. Compare Levin v. United States, 128 Fed. 826; Second Employers' Liability Cases, 223 U. S. 1, 55, 59; "State Commissioners

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as Regional Federal Commissioners," in 1920 Reports of Railroad Commissioners' Convention, p. 32; Section 6 of Selective Service Act of 1917.

These directors should be divided into three classes of five each, and chosen for five year terms, so arranged that the term of only one of each class will expire each year, thus obtaining stability of control and management. Five should be chosen by the stockholders; five by labor classified and with voting powers under rules made by the Interstate Commerce Commission; and five appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate, taken from both political parties, representing purely public interests and therefore required to have no financial interest in railroad securities.

Rates should be made, initially, by the railroad company, on a service-at-cost basis, that is, adequate under economical and efficient management to pay all operating expenses, including (what is now shamelessly disregarded) annual charges by units for depreciation and maintenance; fair, and only fair and adequate wages; fixed charges, and the standard dividend of 6 percent.

Excess Divided Three Ways

Under this scheme, both stockholders' and wage-earners' return might well be made to depend in some part upon efficient and economical management, by providing that any excess income derived in prosperous times should be divided into three equal parts; one third as an increased dividend to stockholders, not exceeding 7 percent, any balance of this third accruing in any year to be put into a reserve fund to stabilize dividends in hard times; the second third might go as a dividend or otherwise for the benefit of labor; and the remaining third to the government as a reserve fund against any possible claim under its guarantee or to amortize its present investment in railroads. This excess profit plan is suggestive only. The purpose is to outline an arrangement under which capital and labor shall each have its just proportion of the results of efficiency or inefficiency of management and operation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission should be relegated to its proper function of revising rates, as conflicts between community and community, and industry and industry are certain to arise. To the Commission the shipping public, as hitherto, should resort for all rate grievances. Commission control over rates would also operate as a check against any tendency on the part of the company to make rates so high as to cover exorbitant wages. To relegate the Commission to its proper and hitherto, in the main, well performed quasi-judicial duty of regulating rates, would end the present dangerous tendency of so overloading that tribunal with managerial functions, to which it is not and cannot be adapted, as to destroy its efficiency, as well as public confidence in it.

The new company might be authorized to make at its own discretion extensions and additions, and to issue securities therefor, up to some reasonable maximum. Probably large prospective expenditures should be submitted to the Commission for its prior approval, substantially as under the present Transportation Act. New railroads might be built somewhat as under the Federal Highway Act, through a combination of federal capital with local capital. But title to such new rail highways should be vested in the federal corporation; we should have no recurrence to the present confusion of state chartered and federal regulated national highways.

Stated as a generalization, this plan involves reorganization by simplification. It contrasts with our present chaotic status, which is *dis*organization through excessive organization. For our present rail-highway-carrier system, essentially national and single in nature, is made up of about 200 operating, state-chartered corporations, with 2,000 to 3,000 holding title to or operating some small parts of the so-called system. This system is subject to partial regulation by forty-seven State Public Utility Commissions; its managerial functions are divided between the companies, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Labor Board. The price of its chief product, transportation, is made, maximum and minimum, by the Commission. The cost of labor, about 60 percent of the gross expense of the product, is practically, though not technically, determined by the Labor Board. No men, however wise and devoted, could produce a good result under such a system. It offers no fair chance for managerial ability. There are plenty of faithful, competent men in the railroad service who would work efficiently and loyally if given the opportunity now denied them.

Fundamental Points

The fundamentals of the organization—thus sketched in barest outline—are:

(1) Unification, with operating management radiating from the centre outward—the reverse of our present system.

(2) A status of responsibility for labor under which strikes will be made illegal as well as undesired.

(3) Service at cost, with safety for the owners.

(4) Management representing owners, users and operators, owing no allegiance to outside speculative and exploiting interests.

In important aspects, this plan is analogous to that under which the Boston trolley system is now, under public management, being rehabilitated, financially and physically, after it had gone close to ruin under a generation of banker management much less bad than our present railroad management.

Space forbids any discussion of the question as to whether traffic available for our roads is not

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static, diminishing or only slightly increasing; of competing water transportation subsidized by the Panama Canal and by ships built for war purposes and later sold at a fraction of their cost; of motor transportation, in effect subsidized by free rights of way, built out of public moneys, about $300,000,000 of which are taken by taxes annually out of the railroads; of illusions based on past railroad successes growing out of the development of new territories opened up for rapid settlement; or of the many other radical changes which American industry has recently undergone. Enough now to note that fundamentally important transportation conditions are radically changed and rapidly changing. We must face the facts: not mumble outworn creeds. GEORGE W. ANDERSON.

Patriotic Geographers

STRANGE are the vicissitudes of Science (written with a capital). Only a very few years ago our hearts leaped up at the mere thought of its countless wonders, while a devoted priesthood burned incense before it night and day. Explicitly and implicitly we were told that if we would but surrender ourselves to it whole-heartedly we should without more ado, by the sole operation of its mysterious "laws," arrive at the perfection which had been the dream of the ages. Science would replace the religions of the past, alike products of a dark superstition, and become the universal religion of the human race.

Then came the Great War, a scientific war fought with all resources of science. Since then we have been assailed by doubts. We have learned that science is no end but merely a tool given into the hands of men to help them realize their wishes. If their wishes are evil, they may with this tremendous weapon quite conceivably destroy society. At the very least they can make use of it to support and justify any course of action which they choose to champion. In sum, we survivors of the catastrophe of 1914 have learned to regard science for what it is, the willing Spirit of the Lamp, which man, in the rôle of Aladdin, calls upon in order to realize the plans and purposes which are born in the unplumbed depths of his heart.

One of the minor products of the scientific spirit which came to the front within the last fifty years goes by the name of Political Geography. This division of the sciences enjoys a numerous following at our universities, it has accumulated an abundant literature, and it has propounded a body of "laws" of, it must be confessed, a rather vague and hypothetical character. During the war Political Geography came decidedly into its own, for its devotees in every country of the world began feverishly to occupy themselves with the question of a durable peace, durable because dictated not by the human passions but by purely scientific considerations. Promptly every warring government, instinctively aware of the propaganda value of science, swept its leading geographers into its service with the result that when the war was over these groups of experts met at Paris and under the command of their diplomatic chiefs wrangled across the tables of green baize until they had fashioned the scientific masterpieces of Versailles, St. Germain, Neuilly, Trianon and Sèvres. Such at least was the decisive rôle of the geographical experts, if we are to believe what some of them, albeit with becoming modesty, have since divulged. They would have us think that in those solemn Parisian sessions all merely human passions were hushed, while the experts, including the awed plenipotentiaries in supreme command, bowed their heads to receive the message of Science which fell like a voice from on high. Unfortunately this pleasant theory crumbles like a house of cards in the face of the published treaties. They represent, as no man in his senses any longer doubts, the crystallization of the national purposes of the victor powers, and the sole service performed, before and after their fabrication by the political geographers has been to supply hypocritical arguments in justification of overwhelming human wishes. Though the experts may not always have been aware of it, instead of serving their pet abstraction, Science, they were hitched, like willing beasts of burden, to the cart of nationalism.

A recent sojourn in one of the areas handed over by the Paris treaties to a victor state has supplied the writer with interesting ocular evidence touching the methods of a Political Geography laboring with scientific thoroughness for a purely nationalist end. The Southern Tyrol, comprising the area from the Brenner Pass southward to Salurn and inhabitated by a German population of perhaps 220,000 souls, was handed over to Italy, first because Italy was on the winning side, and second because the Roman government had had this territory promised it as eventual spoils of war in the London treaty of April 1915. No other question was involved but that of might. However, as might does not constitute a very presentable popular argument, the Italian geographers were immediately mobilized and in very short order had manufactured a case for their government which they have broadcasted with every refinement of modern propaganda. Its leading article is the familiar concept of the "natural boundary." This was assumed to lie for Italy at the Brenner Pass and the conclusion drawn that if any Germans ventured, though it may have been at the dawn of history, to cross this sacred line, they did so at their peril.

The Southern Tyrol having been taken over by Italy in 1919, it behooved the conquerors to give it as rapidly as possible an at least superficially Italian aspect. This was not difficult. A horde of railroad officials were distributed along the routes

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of travel, while Italian civil servants, supported by a numerous soldiery, took over the functions of government. At the larger stations like Bozen, Meran and the Brenner, the traveler, judging by the language which beats upon his ear, may easily be led to conclude that he is on Italian soil. The station buildings enforce the impression, for they are ablaze with purely Italian advertisements. In their assumption of power the victors did not proceed harshly. On the contrary, they were, at least at first, at considerable pains to spare the susceptibilities of the vanquished; and if a prize were to be awarded to that country which since the treaties became effective has proceeded with the greatest humanity in its new possessions, it would undoubtedly have to be awarded to Italy.

However, bureaucratic transformation always goes with every conquest and a certain measure of oppression is bound to develop automatically from the mere swarming into a new area of a horde of foreign officials. Conceding the creditable moderation laid down in principle by the Italian government, nothing is more certain than the offence which it created among the Italian nationalists. Vigorously organized in the spring of 1920 in the now famous Fascio, they resolved by hook or by crook to bring the government to heel. And, naturally, wily nationalists enlisted Science in the person of the political geographers. It is the doctrine of the Fascisti that the Southern Tyrol is Italian soil. The statement is not arguable, it is an affirmation. However, as the habit of argument is still quite general in large sections of the world, it devolved upon the political geographers to find convincing reasons for the nationalist faith. Fascio and Science thus formed a partnership which must accept responsibility for some monstrous developments.

In April 1921 occurred the Bozen disturbances. They were caused by an attack of armed Fascisti on a peaceable and unarmed procession of peasant delegations from all the neighboring valleys in their historic costumes. Not only were bones broken and numerous heads cracked but the leader of the procession who, hailing from the valley of Andreas Hofer, bore an accidental resemblance to that Tyrolean hero, was shot down in cold blood. Since then there have been no more processions in Bozen, unless it be of the triumphant Fascisti, whose shadow lies heavily over the town. In September 1922, they presented their most recent demands in the form of a peremptory order to the city council at once to remove the burgomaster, who, a man of high courage, had dared to look the Fascisti in the eye; and further to introduce without delay a series of precisely specified measures calculated to transform Bozen into a bilingual city. Before the threatening gesture of the Fascio, the feeble national government practically resigned its functions long before its official overthrow in the last days of October. In consequence Bozen and every other German town is now Fascio-ruled. For the moment there reigns throughout the upper Adige valley the peace imposed by terror. That it can long endure does not seem likely.

For the kind of service with which science warms the soup of nationalism a map recently acquired in a book-shop of Italian Trent supplies eloquent evidence. It is a characteristic work of an excited imagination since it sets itself the task of erasing from the South Tyrolean landscape every trace of its original German character. As far as possible the transformation is effected by the simple device of accommodating the German name to the Italian tongue. Thus Bozen becomes Bolzano, Meran Merano, Bruneck Brunico, and Brenner Brennero. So far so good. But a large number of the historic names have so tough a German quality that they cannot be resolved into the dulcet idiom of Dante in this easy manner. For them the patriotic cartographer has adopted the method of translation.

Rabenstein becomes Montecorvo, Sprechenstein Pietra Parlante, and Niederdorf, in the picturesque Pusterthal, Villabassa di Pusterio. Not a single one of the famous peaks and valleys has escaped the author's loving attention, with the result that his fiery compatriots may now enjoy a map of the Alpine barrier whereon the eye is no longer insulted by a single German barbarism. Very regrettably some of this patriotic work has an unsystematic and amateurish look. What, for instance is this Monte Assassino in the region of Meran? A German map, consulted for enlightenment, indicates a Nord or Nörderberg, for which in all probability the slip-shod patriot reading Mörderberg, arrived at the ominous name which, unless I greatly mistake their calibre, our artless American cartographers will presently take over and perpetuate in all our school-books. The map in question is—of course!—the work of a professor, a Dr. Vallardi of Milan, and, what is particularly worthy of note, bears a date which shows that it was concocted more than forty years ago. This would seem to prove that the patriotic agitation, aiming at the acquisition by Italy of the Southern Tyrol, does not date merely from the war.

But if the Italianization of the place-names may now be regarded as accomplished, is it not time to begin with the names of persons? It is true Herr Huber, Herr Berger, and Herr Unterkirchner will not prove quite as accommodating as the patient mountains, but that is an added reason for making at least a beginning without further delay. In this event I shall, on my next visit to the Tyrol, have the pleasure of greeting the ample and excellent Frau Emma Tiefenbrunner, who recently looked after my material wants in her native village of Sand, under the more pleasing appellation of Signora Pozzo Profondo; and Sand, I may reasonably hope, will by that time have been entirely banished in favor of the more mellifluent Sabbia. How the same Emma's world-famous dish of Tyrolean

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Knödel is to be made presentable, I am, with the best will in the world to help on Dr. Vallardi's noble work, at an entire loss to suggest.

From this record of promising but, after all, only partial successes it is certain that the superheated Italian patriots, organized in the Fascio, have not yet realized in the Bozen area their full program and that, hand in hand with their cartographical allies, they will in the future as in the past, continue to champion a policy which masks an oppressive violence behind a veil of hypocritical learning.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Mr. Burt and the Intelligence Tests

SCIENTIFIC theories seem to travel in a cycle. During the first bull market the inflationists run away with the theory: and the whole wide universe becomes an exhibit of the Freudian unconscious, or of McDougall's list of instincts, or of Watson's behaviorism, or somebody's glands, or the Binet tests. The greater the inflation the worse the subsequent and inevitable deflation.

Mental testing has now clearly passed the peak of its pretensions. It is hard to remember today that not long ago we were being deeply impressed by the talk about the moron majority and the four and a half percent minority of "A" men. Although impressive names in impressive journals sponsored these glib generalizations, their authority has gone, leaving a deposit of distrust in the minds of critical people. Mental testing in America has been injured because it happened to be exploited commercially and politically long before honest investigation had gone beyond the most tentative experiments.

In the resulting confusion what we seem to need most is to take stock. I do not believe it would hurt the psychologists to take stock too, but I have in mind particularly the laymen, which includes the teacher, the principal, the college president, the editor. We need a revaluation which will give us some sort of trustworthy notion of how to interpret the tests. I am inclined to believe that such a revaluation has been made by one of the great authorities on the subject, and that if his report were studied and taken to heart as a model of method and temper, mental testing in America would free itself from the dangers of foolish boasting and obscurantist objection.

The author of this revaluation is Mr. Cyril Burt, psychologist in the Education Officer's Department of the London County Council. His book, which is called Mental and Scholastic Tests,* is over four hundred pages long. It has all the statistical apparatus any one would desire, but it is suffused by a kind of common sense and sympathy which has been curiously lacking in the more breathless work of the better known American testers.

Mr. Burt is himself the author of a revision of the Binet-Simon Scale. He will, therefore, not be accused of congenital hostility to mental testing, or of not belonging to the circle of the professionally elect. He is not, however, under the primary illusion, from which the leading American testers suffer, that the same scale is equally valid for all children in all parts of the world under all conditions. That no such universal measure exists he proves quite simply by publishing a table showing twenty-four different revisions of the original Binet-Simon scale. These revisions have to do with the selection of tests, and with the decision as to the age group in which the individual tests belong.

One test, for example, is to name four colors. In 1909 Binet said this was a test of eight year-old intelligence. In 1911 he said it tested seven year-old intelligence. Decroly and Degand made it a four year-old test, Goddard a seven, Johnston a six, Terman a five, Kuhlman a six, Bobertag an eight, Burt a five.

"Of the sixty-five tests," says Mr. Burt (p. 211) "only four are assigned to the same age group by all investigators. These are without exception three-year old tests which have not been scrutinized very thoroughly or by very many experimenters. With these exceptions, for not one test is there complete agreement as to the age to which it should be assigned. For eight tests, again mostly tests which few investigators have used, the assignments differ only by one year." Fifteen tests fluctuate over three years, about fifteen over a range of four years, fourteen over a range of five, three over a range of six years, four a range of seven years, one a range of eight, one of nine.

It is clear, then, that we are far from possessing a standard universal scale. What we have at best is a variety of scales, adapted to certain kinds of children in particular localities.

Let us now follow Mr. Burt in his discussion (p. 175) of the relation between mental ability and educational attainments as shown by testing in four London schools. On the basis of data, which I shall not attempt to reproduce here, Mr. Burt reaches the following general conclusions:

> The children who are retarded mentally appear still more retarded educationally.
>
> For those children who in IQ fall but slightly below the average, this tendency appears reversed. "There is discernible an effort, and an effort by no means sterile, to coax and coach these milder dullards to a grade more closely fitted to their actual age." Rarely, however, can a child below average intelligence be raised much above the average educationally.

* London, P. S. King & Co., 21 s.

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For children slightly above the average intelligence, there is a noticeable tendency to depress their school work down towards the average of their years. The brightest children of all are depressed not to the average but below what their IQ would seem to entitle them.

There is thus in a public school "a strong disposition to level a child's school work up or down to the common standard for his age."

The crucial question now arises whether, as American testers have claimed, the child's ability determines his school attainments, or whether his school attainments *also* determine his display of ability. It is not possible here even to summarize, much less to judge, the statistical procedure which Mr. Burt employs for unravelling the "network of interlacing correlations, correlations with age and with class, as well as between tests and [teachers'] estimates of intelligence." But here is the conclusion:

> There can be little doubt that with the Binet-Simon Scale a child's mental age is a measure not only of the amount of intelligence with which he is congenitally endowed, not only of the plane of intelligence at which in the course of life and growth he has eventually arrived; it is also an index, largely though not perhaps mainly, of the mass of scholastic information and skill, which in virtue of attendance more or less regular, by dint of instruction more or less effective, he has progressively accumulated in school. (p. 182)

This conservative statement is followed by this quantitative analysis:

> Of the gross result [of the tests] one-ninth is attributable to age, one-third to intellectual development, and over one half to school attainment. . . . In determining the child's performance in the Binet-Simon scale, intelligence can bestow but little more than half the share of school, and age but one-third the share of intelligence.

The meaning of this conclusion is put by Mr. Burt in these striking sentences:

> Imagine two children, aged seven and seventeen respectively, both possessing an intelligence equally normal, neither having passed a single hour in school, the younger, as a consideration of the tests will show, might reach a mental age of six; the older despite ten years of seniority, barely that of nine. So barren is growth deprived of opportunity. (p. 183)

These conclusions are not final, of course, but they are sufficiently well founded, to throw out of court any claim that there exists a universal test of native intelligence. If Mr. Burt's data are correctly analyzed, there can be little or no doubt also that the I. Q. is a composite measure of native and acquired abilities. WALTER LIPPMANN.

[In next week's paper Mr. Lippmann will consider Mr. Burt's discussion of the differences in performance with the tests of rich and poor children, of boys and girls.—THE EDITORS.]

Our Singing Strength

It snowed in spring on earth so dry and warm
The flakes could find no landing place to form.
Hordes spent themselves to make it wet and cold,
And still they failed of any lasting hold.
They made no white impression on the black.
They disappeared as if earth sent them back.
Not till from separate flakes they changed at night
To almost strips and tapes of ragged white
Did grass and garden round confess it snowed,
And all go back to winter but the road.
Next day the scene was piled and puffed and dead.
The grass lay flattened under one great tread.
Borne down until the end almost took root,
The rangey bough anticipated fruit
With snow-balls cupped in every opening bud.
The road alone maintained itself in mud,
Whatever its secret was of greater heat
From inward fires or brush of passing feet.

In spring more mortal singers than belong
To any one place cover us with song.
Thrush, bluebird, blackbird, sparrow and robin throng;
Some to go further north to Hudson's Bay,
Some that have come too far north back away,
Really a very few to build and stay.
Now was seen how these liked belated snow.
The fields had nowhere left for them to go;
They'd soon exhausted all there was in flying;
The trees they'd had enough of with once trying
And setting off their heavy powder load.
They could find nothing open but the road.
So there they let their lives be narrowed in
By thousands the bad weather made akin.
The road became a channel running flocks
Of glossy birds like ripples over rocks.
I drove them underfoot in bits of flight
That kept the ground, almost disputing right
Of way with me from apathy of wing,
A talking twitter all they had to sing.
A few I must have driven to despair
Made quick asides, but having done in air
A whir among white branches great and small
As in some too much carven marble hall
Where one false wing beat would have brought down all,
Came tamely back in front of me the Drover
To suffer the same driven nightmare over.
One such storm in a lifetime couldn't teach them
That back behind pursuit it couldn't reach them;
None flew behind me to be let alone.

Well, something for a snowstorm to have shown
The country's singing strength thus brought together,
That though repressed and moody with the weather,
Was none the less there ready to be freed
And sing the wild flowers up from root and seed.

ROBERT FROST.

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"Bourgeois" Art in Red Russia

MOSCOW, as one of its papers has remarked, is not only the capital of revolutionary Russia but of "several epochs at once." This was always true of a country in which West met East; it is particularly true now, with the old still lingering in the midst of political and social novelties which even the West has not accepted; and it is nowhere more quaintly reflected, perhaps, than in the theatre. For the Russian theatre, even more than the church, has swum down the tide of revolution almost unchanged. People crowded to the ballet—just as airy and beautiful as ever—even in the worst days of the Terror. And they crowd today to the old plays, and applaud humor and pathos based on a society which theoretically has ceased to exist!

How the old persists, was suggested by the recent visit here of the Moscow players. That this serene and superlative beauty should have endured, through terror, famine and disease, and in the face of every material obstacle, seemed a sort of miracle—let alone the incidental miracle of finding it lifted bodily to America. But just how—not precisely miraculous, but droll and amusing—was the reverent enthusiasm with which Americans received this wandering fragment of the old Russia, could only be felt by those who had seen something of the new Russia and of its Art Theatre.

The Art Theatre has come down from the old days intact, as might some pleasant manor house, preserved for sentiment's sake, as we preserve Lincoln's cabin or Mount Vernon. All that which seems to us so novel and compelling—the untheatrical manner of Tchehov, the incomparable realism of the acting—is looked on by the theatrical pioneers of present-day Russia as old-fashioned and out of date. Perfect in its way, to be sure, but only as a sort of museum-piece. And the stuff of the plays themselves is held in less esteem—even attacked as treason and counter-revolution!

Take Tchehov, for example. A foreigner viewing The Three Sisters in Moscow before the revolution, had the sensation, as I wrote back from Russia in 1916, "not so much of getting into a play as of getting into Russia. And not merely an instant of Russian life, cut out from the rest and intensified, but into the whole stream of influences, inherited and otherwise, which had produced this family and out of which their lives must flow. Here it is, one felt at once. This is Russia. This is the real thing."

Well, and so it was, in a way. It was real and it was Russian, but a thin mid-section of Russia, somewhere between the frosting of nobility and the peasant mass. However much it had to with shaping the notions of the rest of the world about Russia—and this middle-class intelligentsia had a good deal to do with it, inasmuch as it contained most of the writers, talkers and artists—it had little to do with the October revolution, and as a class and at the moment, is as extinct as the dodo.

These young ladies who longed for Moscow but couldn't make up their minds how to get there, although nothing very real stood in the way; the amiable land-owners, frittering their lives away while the capable parvenu closed his fist on their beloved cherry-garden and prepared to chop it up into building-lots—they were not the people to make a revolution. They did not know how to hold and use power; still less to work their way out of the economic slough of despond in which the leaders of the October revolution are now floundering.

And the passivity and morbid brooding which are often assumed in the West to be typically Russian, largely because the writers through whom the West knew Russia were inclined to express themselves in these terms, is as little relished by the "hard-boiled" politicians and publicists now running things in Russia as it ever would have been to the most dynamic and up-to-date American boosters, not excluding Mr. George F. Babbitt.

> Tchehov, Ostrovsky and Tchaikovsky [so you will find the Moscow Izvestia saying] are undoubtedly distinguished names and have an honored place in the national Pantheon. But only in Pantheon! For what would you say of a man who would all at once begin singing a funeral march at a wedding feast? And in the years of the civil war that was precisely the case with our theatre.
>
> A fiery circle of fronts around us. Furious attacks from the White generals. The life of the proletarian revolution at stake. The entire Soviet nation straining every nerve to strike a blow at the black legions. And didn't Tchehov's gloomy dejectedness, his intelligentsia low-spiritedness, as well as Ostrovsky's bourgeois commonplaces sound exactly like a funeral march at a gay revolutionary wedding?
>
> In the time of civil war the theatre really played a counter-revolutionary part by lowering the morale of the people in the rear. But at least there was some excuse for it then. There was no time to be bothering with Crickets on the Hearth [one of the Art Theatre's plays] when Denikin was at the gates of Tula. Let them go to the devil, we could say then. Let these half-hearted intelligentsia hide themselves behind the cosy, quiet walls of the academic theatre. There will be time to tackle the theatres later on.
>
> We think that time has come and that at the present moment the Cricket on the Hearth is more dangerous than all the Denikins on earth. [The writer's notion. I suppose, is that the sentimentalized, "resigned" poverty of Dickens is antagonistic to the Communistic idea of a class-conscious, fighting proletariat.] The theatre is the most vulnerable spot of our ideological front. Day after day, these Wrangels of art poison the good sense and spirit of the proletarian and half-proletarian masses, and especially those of the youth.

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> If books are unobtainable for the greater part of the workers, in the theatre it is quite otherwise. Here everything plays on the spectator's nerves, on his feelings. The foe creeps on him unawares and the poison of bourgeois ideology acts slowly but surely. . . . We are sorry to say that the greater part of the members of our party are but ordinay bourgeois when art is concerned. In his last speech at the party conference Zinoviev pointed out the importance of struggling against the bourgeois ideology that oozes from every crack, and emerges sometimes smuggler-like, sometimes brazen-facedly, from so-called scientific investigations, agricultural monographs, poetry, etc., but he forgot to mention the theatre. . . . Now, as always, we must have a clear and definite plan of ideologic struggle against the bourgeois theatre (which has already lived its time) and in support of revolutionary beginnings in that field.

I went one evening, in the Volga town of Saratov, to a performance of Tchehov's Ivanov. It was well done, this picture of an exasperating egoist, flapping about neurotically in the meshes of his "fate," but next morning's dramatic reviewer would have none of it. "Our old bourgeois 'gentleman's literature,'" he said, "was full of these useless people—Rudin, Onegin and so on—little Hamlets, knights for an hour. . . . We had quite enough of them in the old days and were very carefully guarded from the other sort, the energetic and active. . . . The City Theatre wanted to show us the tragedy of an individual who was a superfluity even among the superfluous. And this worthy desire made the very flies die of boredom, as the artists swam in this sea of dejection and trivial tragedy."

Various explanations can be given for this access of "tough-mindedness" and resolution in present-day Russia. It may even be said that in the strict sense of the word it is not Russian at all, but an importation. It is there, nevertheless, and at least one positive contribution that has been made by the revolution.

There was a celebration one day in the Moscow Little Theatre ("Little" only in comparison with the bigger Bolshoi Theatre across the square) in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the theatrical life of the Little Theatre's principal actor, Prince Yuzshin. This theatre is the home of the classical Russian domestic drama—Ostrovsky, Gogol, etc.—and the style of playing is of the solid, conventional state theatre sort. Next day the Izvestia spoke sarcastically of the "solemn ceremony of many hours—long speeches by professors and historians, scenes of childhood and adolescence evoked by old men. . . ."

> They talked of noble romanticism, the supreme sense of poetic inspiration, of the great liberal love of A. I. Yuzshin for humanity, of happy talents granted by God's grace, even mentioning the "noble family of Simbatov princes." And not a word of the revolution, of the workers' and peasants' republic, of the Soviet or proletariat!
>
> On that same day a decree of the Council of Peoples' Commissars granted the title of "People's Artist" to A. I. Yuzshin. But not a word of this either, at the Little Theatre. . . . Turn back to forty years ago. Imagine the title of "Court Player of His Imperial Majesty" most graciously bestowed by the Emperor. With what joy would these people have celebrated, how proudly manifest their gratitude before the portrait of the Tsar! . . . But "Player of the People" does not somehow sound so well. . . .
>
> The singing of God Save the Tsar would have been quite appropriate in Theatre Square yesterday. One almost hears the cheers of the old men's Areopagus, of the whole audience composed, as it was, entirely of "gentlemen, of good tone." Looking at them, it was quite plain that these people had not really lived through the year 1917, nor even 1905. They are still living in an epoch of forty years ago, the anniversary of which they are now celebrating. It was not some special tendency of "pure art" which was unrolling itself there as a living panorama. It was a whole society, with its social foundations, views and conditions. It was as if we were transported to another world on Wells's Time Machine. To the Day before Yesterday! . . .

Scarcely less bitter would be the aesthetic quarrel of the more "advanced" theatrical enthusiasts with the manner of playing and producing, not only in the more conventional Little Theatre, but in the Art Theatre as well. These new stage theories are a story in themselves, too long to go into here, but briefly they have a relation to the old theatre similar to that which cubism and he more extreme sorts of expressionism have to the older styles of painting. The tendency is to get away from any imitation of life as most of us understand it and to combine lights, design and words into something which the spectator swallows whole, so to speak, as the untutored ear takes in music. The ultimate goal, I presume, would be to do away with words altogether.

The Kamerny Theatre in Moscow makes a sort of compromise between the old style and the new out-and-outers: anybody can understand their performances, but the scenery is more or less cubistic, the motions of the actors curiously angular and statuesque, after the manner of an Egyptian frieze. It is heterodox here to be "real"; everything must be a bit angular, queer and palpably "play." The young actors of the Kamerny are very clever at this sort of thing (it a great haunt of the Moscow "flapper") and some of their effects are interesting and eloquent. But they do not, to my notion, touch the mind or heart. Only the eye. And the eye wearies of these bizarreries, after a time.

In plays, the revolution has produced little or nothing of importance. It could scarcely be otherwise. Art is largely emotion recalled and reproduced in tranquillity, and the mere fight for existence and the hullabaloo of new ideas has been so intense that people stood about as much chance

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of writing anything of value as they would while shooting down a toboggan slide or tumbling in a heavy surf.

Lunacharsky has written several revolutionary plays—one called Cromwell, for instance—but nothing that the Russians have done in this field has the bite and reality of the speeches and editorials which go on day after day. The fighters still hold the stage.

I did not see any of Lunacharsky's longer plays, but in one of the provincial cities I saw a one-act skit of his into which he tried to put some of the Bolshevik ideology. The scene was a hotel bedroom in which three persons, an old-time stage baron, a conventional stage poet and a young Communist, found lodging for the night. The baron came in first, ordered supper, and soliloquized in the easy fashion of a witty, empty-headed man of fashion. Then came the poet—long-haired, full of words and poses. These two represented the futility of the old bourgeoisie. Lastly entered the young Communist, in the typical short leather jacket, revolver on hip. He was rough, matter-of-fact, knew just what he wanted, and in short order made himself at home in one of the three beds.

The three had just turned out the lights and composed themselves for sleep when there was a rustle and a groan and a ghost entered. The terrified baron and poet fled but the interpid young "Bolo" gave a snort, made straight for the ghost, grabbed it by the throat and began to shake the life out of it. Screams interrupted him, for the ghost was a lady, thus given to masquerading and amusing herself. Stripped of her black cloak and wig, she sank panting on a couch and faced her conqueror. Conqueror in more senses than one, for in the short dialogue which ensued the beautiful intruder, although plainly of bourgeois origin, quickly succumbed to the energetic love-making of the young Communist and, as the curtain fell, sank contentedly into his arms. Q. E. D. The old order are men of straw. The youth, courage, and will-to-power of the revolutionary generation are invincible!

Yet even this piece, so plainly written at them, did not much interest the audience. They were tired, so the local reviewer said, of propaganda; tired of satire and talk about politics. They wanted to forget (how familiar and un-Russian it sounds!); wanted "not controversy but cancans" (or "jazz," as we should say) and they wanted it "not in drops, but in pails full!"

There is such a thing as race. There is even such a thing as the "Slav soul," although much nonsense has been written about it. There is also such a thing as peasants who are lazy, backward, sluggish and all the rest of it, not because of some unique and ineradicable quality of blood but partly, at least, because they are mentally, socially and politically living in, let us say, the fifteenth or sixteenth century rather than the twentieth. There is also such a thing as passivity and morbid brooding on the part of educated people driven in on themselves by the cold arbitrariness of an autocratic government and the comparative lack of opportunity to express themselves in active external ways. I do not wish to press a point which can easily be pressed too far, but I merely venture the suggestion that the more we see of Russians, in life and out of books, and under conditions somewhat resembling our own, the more we shall find that Samara and Orenburg are like Des Moines and Bismarck, North Dakota, and that the Russians are like ourselves.

ARTHUR RUHL.

How to Make a College*

THE question is asked again and again in connection with our Selective Process method of choosing those whom we will admit to Dartmouth College whether or not any racial distinction is involved. There is not.

In the autumn of 1922, on an application of October 4th, a week after college had opened, and after we had rejected one thousand applicants, we accepted a Jew because he met our series of tests. No Jew has been refused nor will be refused, because he is a Jew. There has been no limitation by percentage, nor by jockeying of tests. Dean Earl Gordon Bill, Director of Admissions, pays no attention to the name of the applicant, nor to the "father's name," nor to the "desirable" family connection. Last year, before we entered on the Selective Process system of granting admissions we had twelve Jews in the freshman class. This year, with our drastic method of choice, we have eleven Jews among the freshmen. That is two per cent of the college community. There is no social discrimination. The percentage of Jews is small because we are a homogeneous college community in a little country town well up in the hills, far away from the centres of Jewish population. We disregard the racial question. Racial generalizations are likely to be the cover for personal dislike. Statistics of racial delinquency are dangerous. Our Selective Process does not permit our

* This statement of the educational aims and entrance qualifications in force at Dartmouth College was prepared by Arthur Gleason after extended discussion of these questions with President Ernest Martin Hopkins.

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college to be dominated by any sharply-defined group in any category; neither old-family New Englanders, nor the sons of stockbrokers, nor Armenian Christians. The test is individual, in relation to a well-rounded college body, which is a social cross-section of the country.

However, it would be the height of smugness for us to argue from a situation in which there is no problem to the situation of any other college which has a problem and is seeking a rational method of handling it. There is nothing in the whole realm of college administration in which I believe more strongly than in the advantage and the necessity for the public good that the privately endowed colleges shall preserve their own individualities. An individuality is a difficult thing to preserve. It may be threatened by a sudden influx of students from exclusive preparatory schools, or it may be threatened by an undue preponderance of men from a given restricted area geographically, or it may be threatened by obscure conditions which make an appeal largely to some single group in society. If I found Dartmouth subject to any such condition, whatever the group, I should not hesitate to recommend to its trustees such measures as would offset these conditions.

Standardization is as unfortunate among educational institutions as it is among individuals, and I believe most strongly that the public good is best protected by the maintenance of colleges, each studying the problem of education in the light of its own special experience and special opportunity. And I admire the college more which, operating on this basis, offers an honest conclusion and announces it, than the college which does not study its problem or which sensing various forces destructive of its own life, holds back from experimentation to correctness for fear of public misunderstanding.

A critical secondary school man commenting on the new process of selection for admission at Dartmouth said recently that a parent might have to move west of the Mississippi and join the Plasterers' Union in order to get his son into the college. This is a reference to our geographical and occupational tests. We are aiming at a national, not a sectional college, a college of many groups, not of one type, a microcosm of the national life. There is no value in any discussion of educational admissions unless the frame-work of the discussion is built by defining the nature of the American job and the function of an American college. The American responsibility is to make democracy justifiable. This means welcoming various cultures and human qualities under one political allegiance. The function of the college is to stand for breadth of interest, for pioneer work, rather than for high specialization. It is to increase the capacity of men to think rather than to sharpen them for narrow and specialized tasks. The college has the right to set the limits within which it can absorb various cultures, sharply-defined groups and specialized interests, into the main body. We want neither a rich man's college, nor a poor man's. The privately endowed college has its responsibility, its obligation, and that is "How does the selective process react on the college?" The only final test of our selective process is to live at Hanover and learn the close-knit life of the students where one thousand five hundred of the men live within a radius of 350 yards from the centre of the campus. This college has no responsibility to the Anglo-Saxon as such, nor to the Jew. Its responsibility is to that organism, the college community. Is the "spirit of the hive" eager and yet harmonious? Is the thinking generous and bold? The college needs not to worry about outside criticism. It is its own soul it needs to be anxious about.

In recent educational discussion, there has been a blurring of thought, or at least of statement. No distinction has been made between the privately endowed college of long tradition, the publicly supported state college, and the undergraduate department of a university used as a feeder for the post-graduate professional departments. And yet characteristics desirable for one may not fit into either of the others.

Too many men are going to college. This is not to say—it is the opposite of saying—that too many men are seeking education. It is impossible that too many should seek education. But a lot of those now entering college should go to technical schools. A lot more should go to vocational schools. In Dartmouth we are attempting a system of vocational guidance, and our experience is beginning to show that there are some Dartmouth men for instance who would be better off in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In saying that too many men are going to college, there is no classification intended of social groups. What is needed is individual winnowing on the basis of aptitude. There are many men who do not prosper in abstract ideas, but who operate immediately on concrete ideas. Such men will be happier in a technical or vocational institution. They waste their time in a college. The future work of the man is not the test of whether he should go to college. The civil engineer may be the very man to benefit by the basis of general culture for four years. The test is the individual; the kind of mind he carries. Here is a rich field for the psychologists, in the next ten years, and I believe they will occupy it. The study of who should go to college and who should enter the institutions of specialized training is important work, awaiting their attention. Experimentation ought to be the educational method. A willingness to experiment on our own part and a tolerance for the experiments of others will be more useful than dogmas about the universality of a college education and the infallibility of examinations.

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The war stimulated and released an eagerness for higher education. Multitudes of men saw a large proportion of officers who were college trained. It seemed to them that the possession of the college degree had opened up promotion. Others are coming to college because of the general social prestige. None of the eagerness for education should be quenched. But a wise direction of that impulse is a supreme need at this moment. The hope of the country is that ever increasing numbers shall seek education. The channels of that hope are not alone the colleges, but the various institutions adapted to the requirements of the individual. We do not wish a non-selective all-embracing institution. That would be simply an educational jelly-fish, spread abroad over the area of the higher culture.

It is a loose American formula that everybody has a right to a college education whether he can absorb it or not. A teacher from a state institution told me of having seven hundred and fifty students at a time in his English divisions, and personal conferences with none. We advocate and practise constant personal conferences with every man. There are state universities where the administration has to go out and plead for more students in order to justify the plant politically, and then when the deluge comes the administration is forced to beg for more funds—pupils and funds, then funds and pupils—a perfect ratchet.

We have set our number at two thousand for Dartmouth. Why two thousand? It is an arbitrary figure. When a man is walking toward a precipice on a dark night, he decides on a point at which he stops—the quicker the better. We went up to one thousand, and though some said we had reached our limit, we went on to fifteen hundred, and still the community held together without strain or friction. But we had seen the point reached and passed by other institutions where a college ceases to be a community and becomes a day school. Still our numbers grew. Of a sudden men showed up by the hundreds, and we saw we were headed with tremendous momentum beyond the maximal unit. So at this point, we sought knowledge of various qualities of character, diversity of interest, etc., to supplement scholastic records, and on the basis of our formula accepted the ranking men to the limit that would not run our total number above the two thousand mark.

With applications running beyond our five hundred and fifty limit for freshmen by one thousand, some such basis of selection had to be made. If we had relied alone on scholastic attainments, which would have been the easiest method, we should have simply picked the five hundred and fifty men who passed the highest examinations, or on the basis of reckoning scholarship on the school certificate we should have said "first come first served"—a most unscientific method! Without any data of experience we adopted a selective process based on a few general principles. We wished as wide a distribution as possible—type, family background, occupational, geographical. We were dissatisfied with any known method of admission. Our experience with examinations as the sole test was definitely that we did not get as good results as by admission on certificate. On this subject, one can get up as hot an argument as on the Volstead Act. Dr. Eliot has always differed with us on admission by certificate. He believes it makes admission easy, too easy. My belief is that under the examination system you get not only men of fine intellectual capacity, but you also get intellectual misers, men who without any intention of profitable use otherwise absorb the intellectual currency that will secure admission. Business experience had taught me that the most desirable men were not necessarily revealed by cramming for examinations. For us, as I have said, the examination system would have been the easiest way. You turn fifteen hundred men into the hopper, and you grind out five hundred and fifty men of the highest marks as grist, but the method destroys much nutritive value of the product. We do not believe the method of examination has magical quality. We do not think it an accurate measure of things wanted in college life. It is not a measure of scholarship, intellect, leadership, or general attitude toward life. It is, however, a great fetish.

We wish an aristocracy of brains in our college group. By this we mean intellect, and personal attributes and moral fibre. Mental processes of high voltage need the directive guidance of character. We hold that the development of mind without morality is usually detrimental to society. And we hold that the correct use and aim of acquisition are not netted by anything so crude as examination papers. An automatic revolver is an excellent possession for an army officer or a policeman. It is another thing to give it to a child or a bandit.

One aim of a college is doubtless to give wise leadership in each of the great group activities that make the sum of national life. The Lord agreed to save Sodom if fifty of the right sort could be found, and under the nagging of Abraham, He reduced the number to forty, to thirty, and finally to ten. It takes few men of real leadership to save a civilization. Have we the ten? By leadership we do not mean a measure of distance between the eminent individual and the trailing group. We rather mean the inspired individual who enlists associates in a common task.

We wish men in the Dartmouth tradition—sons of alumni. That brings thirty to thirty-five students a year. Classes were small when those fathers were sons.

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We wish students from New Hampshire. We are under obligations to the state. About thirty-five to forty more came on this basis.

We welcome all properly qualified members of groups who reside in districts west of the Mississippi, and in districts south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers. This is an attempt at widely distributed geographical areas. It necessarily, for illustration, cuts down the Massachusetts constituency from which state we have more applications than from any other, and it cuts down New York largely, since Massachusetts and New York alone would fill the college if all applicants from these states were accepted. It is a method of building up deliberately a wide regional representation.

We aim to decrease priority of application as a major factor, recognizing it only when other conditions are met. But priority of application tends to a class distinction, because well-to-do families register much earlier than those in poorer circumstances. We have applications past the year 1940.

Exceptional or high scholarship is with us as elsewhere a major factor in the selective process. It receives a priority right. Low scholarship disqualifies an applicant.

On the scholastic side, we seek the man of intellectual attainment rather than the mark getter in so far as we can distinguish them. We wish men with qualities of leadership, with influence among men, and with outstanding character. So we call for a personal rating from the principal of the preparatory school and from an alumnus. The items reported on are intellectual interest, individuality, native ability, industry, faithfulness, originality, integrity, straightforwardness, clear-mindedness, fair play, school spirit, interest in fellows, and leadership. This is the famous Personal Rating system, modeled on the Columbia method, which was devised by such men as Edward Thorndike. That it could conceivably be used as a cover for racial or religious discrimination is true. That it is not so used at Dartmouth is true. The appraisal of principal and alumnus will differ in degree as to whether fair play is a characteristic possessed markedly, distinctly, doubtfully. But the relative importance and degree of one characteristic to another follows the same curve.

In the secondary schools, the varieties of activity—social, athletic, literary, musical—lead to a variety of accomplishment. You have men reaching out antennae of interest. We wish some of these men with qualities of leadership and promise. Their school activities we consider as supplementary to scholastic records. Above a dead line of scholastic requirement, we want some of these natural leaders, even though their pass mark may be 75 percent as against the 95 percent of the patient student. We believe success in school activities is also an evidence of good mind. In one blank, we ask for the applicant's record on publications, musical and other organizations, athletics, debating, offices, prizes and honors. We also ask for Outside Activities—remunerative work for parents without wage, religious organizations, outside reading. One boy reported his favorite reading as Tacitus: it is easy to detect the gallery play.

On the basis of such tests we accept students on certificate of scholarship from "approved" schools. If men from such a school fail to prove up in their first semester of college life, then the school ceases to be "approved." The selective process we believe will continue to give Dartmouth one of the largest diversified representations from secondary schools in any American college.

The one regrettable item in recent figures is that of farmers' sons there are only thirteen in this year's class, as against twenty-five for the year before. Of course the agricultural colleges explain this in part but not wholly. The fact is not alone a college problem. Its origins are in changing economic conditions of national and international scope. Who finds the answer here will solve a greater problem than the clash of industrial labor and capital. In the work of the farmer is the basis of all human life and the spring of all human activity. When that basis shifted in former times, "a nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of Europe." No less far-reaching today and with us is the unsettlement of the farming community. The Green Revolution—the revolt of the farming bloc—is more portentous than any Red Revolution of parasitic industrial groups. We have a neighboring township, a few miles from Dartmouth. Recently twenty of the farmers sold out and left. What becomes of the cities and the industrial groups when the farmer grows tired? We have had minor difficulties in the college over the milk supply. The farmer sells to the packers, but does not feed and breed to milk. What then? He says his day's work from 4:30 A. M. to dark at night does not buy a day's work of clothing as done in the factory of Amoskeag. These are problems for an aristocracy of brains.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

Deforested

When I was younger than I am
My thoughts were like a lumber jam,
Twist as they would, and strain and quiver,
There were too many for the river.

But, now that I am old, it seems
'Tis vain to learn the ways of streams:
There are no logs to clog and cumber
When trees are gone and you've no lumber.

KIRKE MECHEM.

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The Prompt Book

Rehearsing Twenty-Five Years

IT is doubtless not the Russians' fault but rather our own anxiety to give moral values to things, to give them a kind of democratic plausibility, that has laid so much stress this season on the fact that, though they have been acting these plays of theirs for twenty-five years, the actors of the Moscow Art Theatre yet rehearse every day. These actors never regard the achievement as perfect but consider that the performance as a whole and the individual parts might always be improved.

This as a moral idea may be admirable. It shows a fine attitude and a beautiful spirit of humility and aspiration toward the art that these players have carried to such heights.

But there is no reason why on that account we should be stupid about the matter. Rehearsing a rôle for twenty-five years, however earnestly, does not necessarily mean at all that one gets it better and better or that one finds a truer and truer interpretation. It merely means that the actor adds to his comment on the rôle the state of mind that he evolves from year to year. Every year of a man's life sees its own truth one way or another. And though the actor may grow wiser in the sum of his understanding of what the part means as an expression of human living and as a philosophical judgment, it does not at all follow that he will understand so well as he once did the fierce and poignant bearing of the part on the immediate life around it in the play or on the life of the audience. There is a truth in love that a boy knows and that a wise man may forget. There is a truth in a moment that an hour may level out, Time that gave may now indeed his gift confound.

No, it would be better to say that for twenty-five years the actor may employ the part to exercise himself and his sum of experience upon, gaining some truths perhaps and losing others. And even with that it does not at all follow that his ability to express the truth he sees will grow or even remain what it was. For the actor's power to express what he sees in a part depends not only on his knowledge and profound intention, but also on those things more subject to the spoil of time, his vital resource, his body, his physical memory.

Stanislavsky's Satine

A certain mystery in acting is not yet evident to any one who fails to see that Mr. Stanislavsky's performance of Satine in Gorki's Depths has long since become academic. This quality of the academic is to some extent justified in the rôle itself; for Gorki so writes the play that Satine is underscored as a sort of commentary on the life that passes through that squalid and glowing place where the pilgrim, the dying woman, the old prostitute, the fallen baron, the fallen actor, the amorous landlady, the thief and all the others meet and talk and die and suffer and depart and hang themselves as the case may be. But Mr. Stanislavsky's performance stands even further out than this accentuation so deliberately arranged. It is astute, carefully graduated, eloquent. It is an admirable piece of instruction concerning the nature of the character. But it is a recollection of a thing once created. What is now needed is a mysterious energy of some full springs that might lie at the first source of artistic creation. No psychological intelligence or theatrical competency can in themselves alone supply for Satine this thing that would make him an inseparable part of the play; there is only one thing that could achieve that end, and that would be a certain mysterious pressure of life within the actor's creation that could fill the part, lift it to its full outline, and at the same time mingle and lose it in the life around.

Several Voices

Someone might easily object to my saying how tiresome Mr. Louis Calvert was as Lieutenant Charles in The Adding Machine. After all what was there to do with the part, one might say. All there was to do was to come in and look after Mr. Zero as he sat there working on his immortal adding machine, to give Mr. Zero his instructions about going back to earth and then to fool him with the idea of there being a woman ready to accompany him. What is there for Mr. Calvert to do but to appear, to say the lines and to show the proper boredom with years of one fool after another? What more is there?

There is this to do: redeem the limited content by translating it into more stage mediums of expression, contrive to speak in other terms than those of the mere speeches that are to be said. In other words, instead of depending on a simple presence in his own person, instead of merely coming out as Mr. Louis Calvert and saying Lieutenant Charles' speeches, Mr. Calvert might convert himself into an interesting arrangement or picture. This might not only serve to get us away from the unavoidable familiarity with the actor himself; it might also discover in some certain kind of eyebrow or hair or beard a quality that would express for our eyes the matter that proceeds from the actor's lips.

And there might be found some particular gesture or movement that would recreate the idea of the rôle into some revealing design. In sum the state of mind, the boredom, the blasé realism, the hopelessness of this man whose everlasting business is to send fools back for another try at life, might be expressed for us not only in words but also by some cast of features, some line, some gesture. This would at least recreate the dramatist's idea in more stage terms than one and so, if it did nothing else, divert us as artistic invention.

Inconstancies

Men, Spinoza said, can differ in nature so far as they are assailed by emotions which are passions, and thus far one and the same man is variable and inconstant.

An objection made to Roger Bloomer by some of the scions of Broadway who saw the final rehearsals was that if the producers had not listened to reason and cut out curious bits we should have seen what we should have seen. That is to say that if the play had been left in its original state the police would have interfered. How oddly this comes from those whose chief end in their choral glorification of the American girl is, so far as the police would allow, to reduce her to the original state in which she entered the world!

Stark Young.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"White Terrorism" in France

SIR: Readers of the New Republic were recently told that a white terror overspreads the fair land ot France. The article in question that bands of young monarchists swagger through the streets of Paris, beating up innocent passers-by, breaking up political meetings, and destroying the offices of liberal newspapers, that l'Action Française "now proposes to harry out of the land not only Communists but radicals and liberals of every stripe, and, finally, that the French nation is governed by a parliamentary majority and a cabinet who are the obedient tools of Léon Daudet, beside whom our own ineffable Tweeds and Thompsons are little saints.

Mr. MacDonald's fanciful account has all the ear-marks of coming from some not over-scrupulous editor or reporter of l'Oeuvre, l'Ere nouvelle, or l'Humanité. He seems religiously to have transcribed all that his informant told him, which is more than said informant has ever dared to sign. One has only to recall how lightly charges are made in the French political press and how outrageously news is colored, to have an idea of the extent to which the former editor of the Nation was deceived.

In his choice of instances of monarchist violence, Mr. MacDonald was singularly unfortunate. Some are entirely untrue, others are inaccurately reported. Never, for example, have the Camelots du Roi assaulted any one who "respectfully declined" to buy their paper. Even l'Humanité contradicts Mr. MacDonald's version of the incident in question.

On the night of the killing of their leader by a woman anarchist, the Camelots du Roi did raid two defeatist newspapers, (but not the organ of the General Confederation of Labor, as Mr. MacDonald erroneously states). L'Ere nouvelle and l'Oeuvre were accused by the monarchist group of having instigated the assassination and of having timed it to coincide with the entrance of French troops into the Ruhr. They wished, it is alleged, by bringing about the violent death of a leader of l'Action Française, preferably Daudet, to get rid of one of their most bitter and most powerful enemies and at the same time to intimidate the advocates of energetic action against Germany. The Camelots du Roi, on the other hand, wanted by their raids to exercise immediate reprisals and to serve unmistakable notice that the editors-in-chief of those two sheets would pay personally for any injury that might be done to Daudet or to Maurras, his fellow-editor.

But "radicals and liberals of all shades" in France would be among the first to deny that for them "the situation is one of a veritable white terror." Such an expression as the last would amuse, if it did not make indignant, authentic radicals like Herriot, Lautier of l'Homme libre, or du Mesnil of the Rappel, with whom l'Action Française entertains courteous relations. If any politician or newspaper is terrorized by l'Action Française, it is not by its violent acts, but at the prospect of being held up to ridicule and odium by admittedly the most brilliant newspaper staff in France.

Of this staff, Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras deserve special consideration. With all due respect to Mr. MacDonald, the writer is obliged to deny that Daudet is an obscene novelist, a corrupt politician, and a parliamentary despot. This accusation of pornography is a last resort of partisans enraged at the failure of their other and more significant attacks.

Another legend is that Daudet wields despotic control over the Chamber of Deputies. To know how absurd it is to speak of Daudet's dictatorship, the reader has only to recall that Poincaré is following, to a certain extent, a policy of conciliation toward the Left; that he would have seized the Ruhr a year earlier than he did if he had listened to the extreme Right; that Millerand called Briand to power and kept him there for a year, although Daudet ceaselessly denounced him as a traitor; and, in short, that the French government has never followed the domestic or the foreign policy of l'Action Française.

Less in the public eye, but more influential, is Charles Maurras. More often than any other, he is saluted as the greatest living French journalist. He has renovated the doctrine of monarchy. When Albert Thibaudet, noted for his impartiality, wrote his Thirty Years of French Life, he chose Maurras as one of the three men who have exercised the deepest and most vital influence in France between 1890 and 1920. More recently still, a magazine investigation has revealed that the young writers of today recognize themselves as chiefly indebted, not to Gide, Barrès, or Anatole France, but to Maurras.

This year more than two-thirds of all the students in Paris actively interested in politics are enrolled with l'Action Française. If l'Action Française has not yet won over the majority of the élite, the latter has completely lost its enthusiasm for the Republic. What Maurras and his followers have to combat now is not so much the republican doctrine as the belief that the mass of the people would not stand for a monarchy.

Such is the rôle and influence of l'Action Française. The reader has been able to see for himself that there is nothing approaching a "white terror" or a royalist dictatorship. The monarchist organization is run by men who have clean hands, and whose influence is quite other than it has been represented. This influence is, no doubt, more alarming for democrats than a momentary control of an unpopular Chamber. But New Republic readers are not be counted among those who want disagreeable facts carefully kept out of sight and their legitimate place taken by pleasant accusations to which only partisanship can give an air of truth.

GIRARD CHAPUT.

Paris, France.

The Railway Shopmen Need Help!

SIR: I feel that I owe it to your paper and to those who through you have contributed (and are contributing) to the Railway Shopmen's Relief and Defense Fund to make a brief statement at this time. Total contributions so far have amounted to $7724.75. In addition, liberty bonds amounting to $23,000 have been loaned to the Committee for use as collateral in securing bail in a few of the many cases of alleged violations of the law by shopmen. Though the need is far beyond that amount, a great deal of good has been done and letters of almost heart-rending gratitude are coming in, together with new appeals. The prolonged struggle of the shopmen has resulted in exhaustion of funds, mortgage of homes, debt and hunger sufficient to break the courage of the strongest. Personally I have never seen greater fortitude nor a finer spirit than these men and their families have displayed. Many of them state that even the small relief afforded by this Fund has strengthened the morale of the men in many places.

The following is from a letter of one of the shopmen: "I have a crippled wife and seven children. I have lost $1600 in this strike but I think it will come out all O. K. yet. Please help us out when you can, for we need the money and we need it bad. But I am going to see this thing through."

The following from New Haven, Conn., is typical of some of the appeals: "We have about fifty of our families that live in houses owned by the railroad company and the officials are making a special drive on these men. In the event that they are behind in their rent they will be put on the sidewalks. It looks very bad for them at the present time. Many are also behind in their grocery bills. We are having to put them all off from day to day in the hope that something will happen whereby we can get over the situation without any serious results to our cause."

A responsible Committee has charge of the distribution of this Fund, with headquarters in the Machinists Temple, Philadelphia. The Committee is cooperating with the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor. The secretary of the Committee is a representative of the Machinists, Mr. Clinton S. Golden, Machinists Temple, 1239 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. The treasurer is Miss Dora Oleve at the same address.

My own work in this matter is being done as chairman of the Committee on Labor of the Church League for Industrial Democracy.

At present the Fund is entirely exhausted and contributions, however small, will be deeply appreciated and of real help.

New York City. RICHARD W. HOGUE.

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No Workmen's Compensation Law in Missouri

SIR: For two years more at least Missouri will hold the distinction of being the only industrial state without a workmen's compensation law. The General Assembly, just adjourned, refused to enact into law either of the bills proposed during the session.

With the tremendous expansion of industry and the costly common law methods of dealing with industrial accidents and the experience of so many states as a guide, one would expect Missouri would provide some reasonable system of relief for those injured and the dependents of those killed in her industries. But the combination against compensation legislation was too powerful. The liability insurance companies, personal injury lawyers and certain employers blocked their passage and Missouri stands where she stood at the beginning, apparently indifferent to those engaged in extra-hazardous occupations, *except for the questionable protection afforded by the common* law and its rules of "contributory negligence," "negligence of a fellow-servant," "assumption of risk," etc.

Twice in former sessions the Assembly passed bills which were referred to the vote of the people under the referendum provision of the state constitution. They fell by the wayside.

The state is one of the less than half a dozen American commonwealths without adequate protection for her workers, and where those timeworn and unhonored rules of the common law will still be heard in the law courts, and where juries will be called on to try "fairly, impartially and according to the evidence given you in the case," and when the evidence is all in and the case completed, perhaps they will compromise the matter without regard to the equities in order to get out of a stuffy jury room and into a more wholesome atmosphere.

The absence of a fair compensation law will not be the best kind of advertising for Missouri, especially this year. Tremendous construction programs are under way and already there is a shortage of skilled labor which threatens to become acute very shortly. Workers acquainted with the fact that Missouri does not afford protection to those engaged in extra hazardous occupations will not be attracted to that state when there is plenty of work elsewhere. Also, labor organizations have a habit of informing their membership of the existence or non-existence of legislation which they deem essential for their protection. Missouri will find herself in no enviable position when the light is turned on.

RICHARD T. JONES.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Quaker Speisung

SIR: I have just returned from a visit to the child-feeding centres in Saxony, established by the American Friends Service Committee (Quaker Speisung, the work is called in Germany), and beg the privilege of appealing through your hospitable columns to all those who still cherish hopes of a new generation, whose minds shall be free from the national hatreds which menace civilization today. Saxony is a great industrial region, especially is it a centre of the textile industry, and, as in all other textile centres I have seen, American, British, French, the percentages of cases of tuberculosis in the population is very high. When the vitality is lowered as it is today among the working people of Germany, by lack of nourishment, it is inevitable that the cases of tuberculosis should increase. The American Friends are feeding the children of six to fourteen years who are in greatest need through these centres established in schools. That is, they supply one half of the funds and the German government furnishes the other half, but the tremendous rise in prices has entailed not only the cutting down of the number of children fed, but alas! the lessening of the size of the portions given. A balanced ration has been worked out, but it is *pitifully inadequate. In one school in Dresden I saw the chil*dren eating rice with tiny pieces of meat cooked with it; in a village near by the food consisted of flour cooked with a little milk and sweetened, while in a mining and glass-making village the children received cocoa with a roll on which was spread a little fat. No work could be more economically done. The Friends have withdrawn from the actual work of feeding and the preparations of the food and the giving out are done by the volunteer organizations of women. Of course the school physicians and the teachers select the children who, as I have said, are those in most desperate need. I inquired the age of one child after another to be told that they were nine, ten or twelve years, although their height and weight might be that of six year old normal children. But their little white faces were not those of normal children of any age.

It has been estimated that a dollar will feed a child for at least a month, changing prices make estimates exceedingly difficult. These children have a touching faith that across the seas are people who care that they are hungry. I believe this too and if such friends of the future generation will send contributions to: H. Gramm, American Friends Service Committee, 2 Dorotheenstrasse, Berlin, Germany, they will be acknowledged, and the givers may be sure that there are fewer hungry little children in these dark days.

ANNE WITHERINGTON.

Berlin, Germany.

The Michigan Daily

SIR: I am obliged to you for sending me your issue of March 7th. Might I hint that your partial sources of information distort your outlook. Whatever the merits of the plan, the fact remains that The Michigan Daily is the "Official Newspaper of the University of Michigan." This legend strides atop its editorial columns. As such, in my humble judgment, it has been singularly—perhaps unwisely—free from censorship. Its amusing naïvetés day by day, like its brash sophistications sabbath by sabbath (whether by the mortal fourteen or their living successors), furnish abundant proof. As for the poor martyr whom you feature—I have never met and seldom hear of him. Nevertheless, he carries one scalp at his belt, unintentionally mayhap. He has rendered the work of some idealists markedly more difficult. Nor are out-of-focus comments from West 21st Street likely to help.

Le sage entend à demi-mot?

R. M. WENLEY.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A Fellowship in Music

SIR: I should like to remind your readers that the Horatio Parker Fellowship in musical composition, offered by the American Academy in Rome, is open for competition this year. It is of the value of $2,000 per year for three years, with free studio and opportunity to visit all important musical centres in Europe. Mr. Albert Coates, the distinguished English conductor, says this is the greatest opportunity America has ever offered for the cause of music.

A circular giving details will be mailed on request made to the undersigned at 101 Park Ave., New York City.

ROSCOE GUERNSEY,
Executive Secretary.

New York City.

La Follette and the Round Robin

SIR: As a staunch admirer of Senator La Follette and an alumna of the University of Wisconsin, I noted with interest your remarks on the recent action of our Legislature concerning the war-time Round Robin of the University faculty.

It is true, I believe, that "no individuals . . . have been put out of their jobs" by the action of the Legislature. This was not true of the Round Robin, however. One who knows the conservative views of many faculty members at the University will not doubt that probably a majority of those who signed the document did so because it expressed "the views they honestly held." But, remembering the hysteria of wartime, we need not be surprised to learn that great pressure was then brought to bear on the professors who were supporters of La Follette.

One case of this sort I can speak of positively. There was an eminent professor, a great scientist, a marvelous teacher, a magnetic personality beloved by his students; the head of a science department which he had made famous. He is all of this today—all but the last. He refused to sign the Round Robin and, curiously, when the academic year was over he found another in the chair of science, and himself a professor of research.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. CATHARINE SCHULER.

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Barnum and America

Barnum, by M. R. Werner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

NO one can get into his head a fair picture of America in the nineteenth century without taking account of P. T. Barnum and the phase of our national life of which he was the most perfect embodiment. There is a painful reality, which cuts like an acid, behind the observation of the anonymous editor who remarked that he considered Lincoln and Barnum the most typical American figures, and that he was afraid to think which is the more typical. Need I justify the word "painful"? Certainly nothing can be gained by pretending that America of yesterday was finer, nobler than it really was; and honest confession of our grandfathers' sins is good for our own souls. Yet there is pain, if you believe that the world can move, and ought to be made to, in the reflection that the most odious of our ancestors' sins are still our own; that both the ignobility which Barnum capitalized and that which he exhibited in his own person are with us still.

At any rate, here the great showman is, in Mr. Werner's excellent biography, for all the world to see: his self-righteousness, which was extraordinary; his humbuggery, rather less than you would suspect if your chief contact with him has been "the public likes to be fooled"; his zeal for temperance, which, coming seventy years ago may surprise those who have not read his voluminous autobiography. Another surprise, for me, is the news that he had little to do in reality with the creation of that miracle of the showmen's art, the modern circus, which came into being only in his old age, and to which he contributed virtually nothing except his notorious name.

What sort of America was it which had P. T. Barnum as its quintessential flowering? It was violently, aggressively religious, at least so far as the external forms went; yet without the sourness of the Puritans. It was on the whole good-natured and kindly, with the easy-going ways proper for a generation which owned the inexhaustible riches of the unexploited West. It was vulgar in manners, none too cleanly in personal habits, and inclined to be more than lax in its business morality, demanding of the individual only his final success. It toiled hard, and not knowing how to amuse itself, resorted to the pioneer recreations: wine and women. It was a country almost wholly destitute of art, literature and music, and not yet trained to be apologetic about these lacks. Of such a community Mr. Werner gives a skilful and convincing picture; in such a community it was inevitable that a man of Barnum's gifts—his vulgarity, his knack for unsophistication, above all, his remarkable talent for advertising—should succeed.

The list of his great exploits is too long even to enumerate, though so fascinating that it is hard to resist the temptation to quote. The most notable achievement of Barnum's career was the tour he arranged for Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. That exasperating young woman's odd combination of a marvelous voice and the temperament of a church-ridden Scandinavian hausfrau is vividly set forth. The furore which accompanied her tour, a furore first created by the astute Mr. Barnum and then growing by its own momentum, quickly reached the heights of a pathological obsession. No other subject was discussed, in the press or out of it. When Miss Lind appeared on the streets the crowd which followed her soon became so large as to be unmanageable, and all sorts of devices were required to enable her to escape. The tickets for the first concert were auctioned off, and 4,000 people paid a shilling each (this was in 1850) for the privilege of attending the auction.

> The first ticket was sold for $225 to Genin, the hatter, whose establishment adjoined Barnum's American Museum. This was the best stroke of business Genin ever did. Newspapers in Houston, Tex., Portland, Me., and intervening cities and villages announced to their interested readers that Genin, the Broadway hatter, had purchased the first ticket. . . . An Iowa editor printed the story of one of his neighbors who discovered that he owned a hat with Genin's label. He . . . was urged to give his neighbors a chance for distinction by putting the hat up at auction. It was finally sold to an excited townsman for $14.

When the rumor went about that one of Jenny Lind's gloves had been found by a citizen of New York,

> the finder exhibited the glove to large crowds, charging one shilling to kiss its outside and two shillings to kiss the inside.

The Jenny Lind tour was the climax to a career which had already touched the heights. Barnum had previously taken General Tom Thumb, that most engaging 25-inch gentleman, on a tour of Europe. His New York Museum had been a popular institution for years. Far back in his past now lay the decidedly shady incidents of Colonel Fremont's Wooly Horse (which the Colonel never saw), the hand-made mummy of the Feejee Mermaid, and Joice Heth, the Negress alleged to be 161 years old and to have been nurse to the infant George Washington.

While he never again equalled the sensation created by Jenny Lind (the capture of Jumbo perhaps came nearest to it) Barnum continued a conspicuous American figure until his death in 1891 at the age of eighty. He went bankrupt once, like so many other distinguished gentlemen of his generation; but recovered his fortune shortly thereafter. He also suffered from the disastrous fires which were common in the days of our wooden civilization; offhand I recall four of these. He died a wealthy man; and on the whole, a respected and respectable figure, self-satisfied, conscious of a lifetime of piety and devotion to the temperance cause, sure that while he might have humbugged the people a little in order to get them into his show, he always gave them their money's worth in the end.

A curious, somewhat wistful and not unlikable human figure, whose doubtful ethics were as much the reflection of the "caveat emptor" spirit of his day as Iranistan, his hideous "oriental villa" at Bridgeport, mirrored its appalling bad taste. Mr. Werner has kept his biography to the surface of things; he has attempted no psycho-analytic research, leaving the reader to do his own probing, for which, however, ample material is supplied. For one who wishes to understand our fascinating and complex American scene, here is easily one of the most important biographies of a decade.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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As One Editor Sees the Press

The Young Man and Journalism, by Chester A. Lord. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE undergraduate knows vaguely what he wants to do when he leaves college, but needs an older brother. Hence the Macmillan Company's plan of twelve books dealing with popular professions, prepared "by men of ability and experience . . . competent to explain the nature and divisions of the particular vocations they represent, the personal and educational qualifications necessary for a successful pursuit of the same, the advantages and disadvantages, the difficulties and temptations, the opportunities and ideals." This volume, number five, is the work of Chester A. Lord, for thirty-three years managing editor of the New York Sun—and patron, in that capacity, of more than his share of cub reporters.

What Mr. Lord has written is a pocket Baedeker for the undergraduate. At the same time his book will interest the alumni. For Mr. Lord is one of the first contemporary editors to write about the modern metropolitan daily and its enormous influence; and occasionally he takes his readers behind the scenes. He describes, for instance, a certain practice of doctoring the foreign cables. He sees no harm in that—provided the cables are concerned with relatively unimportant matters, and provided also that certain necessary precautions are observed. The method he describes is new to me, in my own limited experience as a reporter; but Mr. Lord has thirty-three years as Managing Editor to his credit. And this is the way the trick is turned:

A new king is to be crowned in Spain. By mail, the London correspondent sends his paper in America a program of the event, with names of people who are to participate. When the event actually occurs he cables: "Madrid Alfonso crowned unchange." "Unchange" means that nothing unexpected happened. So the cable editor in New York, three thousand miles away, but a good eye witness, writes a report of the coronation—"embellishing it," suggests Mr. Lord, "perhaps with a few lines here and there about the cheering multitudes, the elaborate decorations, and the other things that obviously add splendor to every coronation of a king." Why waste cable tolls when "Alfonso crowned unchange" will suffice for an embellished story? "The cable editor knows right well," says Mr. Lord, "that if the crowds were sullen or the decorations were lacking or the soldiers did not strut and shout, the correspondent surely would say so." News, in short, by non-contradiction. "It is an entirely legitimate practice since it involves no mis-statement of fact."

Mr. Lord speaks also of the practice of deliberate overstatement of the news, to arouse the reader's interest. "The editor is tempted to exaggeration because a little exaggeration makes it a little more interesting. He sees that the exaggerated novel sells where the novel true to life is unnoticed; that the actor who gesticulates and shouts has the loudest applause." Whether success in the theatre is really so much a matter of noise is of course a side-issue; but as far as the press is concerned, Mr. Lord sees no harm in dressing up the news a bit. "A little discreet exuberance of expression may be tolerated." The editor, of course, must not pervert the truth. "Gross exaggeration"—as distinguished from a little discreet exuberance—"becomes downright lying."

It is excursions of this sort into newspaper ethics that the ordinary reader will find most interesting in Mr. Lord's story of the press. As for the undergraduate who wants to know what journalism has to offer, and how he'd better start, Mr. Lord's message may have a familiar campus ring about it. "Seek to rise above the commonplace." Give the best that's in you. Don't make a mistake, at the very start, of keeping your hat on when you ask some editor for employment. A man who does not "know enough to remove his hat even in an office" does not have manners enough to represent a paper. Treat your job faithfully. It will keep you busy. "The hours are irregular and unlimited." But use your spare time to study politics or art or finance. Write snappily. "If we are to keep pace with these snappy times we must hunt for strong masculine nouns, and rapid-fire verbs, and staccato adverbs, and sudden adjectives." Cultivate some specialty —it is the best way to get on. In the end, your "pecuniary reward has no comparison with those of many other professions or businesses"; but there are incidental profits well worth reaping. The reporter's work brings him "in daily contact with men of affairs." He is "alive to everything that is going on." His mental vision may survey "the entire field of human thought."

That is perhaps a little rosy. There is more than one wornout reporter to testify that "contact with men of affairs" turns out ordinarily to be the contact of a bill-collector with a fugitive; that "alive to everything that is going on" means, among things more worth doing, prying into homes that have been disgraced, to find out whether a humbled woman has cringed before her husband's escapade. As for "the entire field of human thought," that may mean nothing less than being freed from routine news, occasionally, to write a feature story about the princess traveling with forty-seven trunks, or the thrifty housewife who discovered that potato peels make excellent shoeblacking.

There are reporters who break through to special writing. There are reporters who become vice-presidents of banks. There are still other reporters who stay at routine assignments—tired men who die in harness. But over all of them, whether they are the star reporters who have first call in earthquakes, or the humble drudges who sit through countless public dinners, there hangs the aura of an initiated craft. Men who have been meeting incoming ocean liners for thirty years, and will meet another one tomorrow, still talk of the "lure" of journalism as professional travelers talk about the "lure" of the Orient.

More than that, there is even a certain identification between being first to describe something and actually having had some part in its achievement. "Within the span of my own newspaper experience," writes Mr. Lord, "reporters have given first information to the world of the discovery and development of electric lighting, heating, cooking and propulsion; of Roentgen rays; of the telephone . . . of steel construction in big buildings . . . of bacillus treatment in medicine and the wonders of abdominal surgery."

Ability somehow to identify one's own half-column with ten or twenty years of desperate scientific labor on someone else's part—that is a psychological compensation for more than one of our modern metropolitan journalists whose career might otherwise startle him with its likeness to a squirrel galloping around a cage.

CHARLES MERZ.

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A Premature Study

Waldo Frank: A Study, by Gorham B. Munson. New York, Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

MR. WALDO FRANK is thirty-four years old; and already he is a man to reckon with. His point of view, his philosophy, and his tortured, exacting prose—in short, his world—afford a much richer theme for discussion than those of almost any other contemporary novelist in America; and under the tattoo of a critical hammer, one fancies that the sparks might fly, and that Mr. Frank's work would, through impact and resistance, take on a firmer shape. Mr. Gorham Munson's study of Waldo Frank is not, alas! the sort of tribute the author of Rahab deserves; for its thin, eulogistic exposition leaves Mr. Frank on the brink of maturity with most of his barbarisms and solecisms intact.

It is true that Mr. Frank set the example for this kind of study a few years ago when he wrote Our America in the mood of an "idealtor" from Zenith; but I am sorry to see him weakened by a dose of his own medicine. Mr. Frank would profit at the present moment in the hands of a generous antagonist, who would wrestle with him and make him sweat; unfortunately, in Mr. Munson's friendly hands he gets nothing more than a cool massage; and if this sort of treatment is pleasurable, it is also debilitating.

For Mr. Frank's sake, I am tempted to quarrel a little with the purpose and animus that lie behind this book; with the hasty effort to slash open the womb and to expose an artistic organism that is still embryonic and that still needs darkness and nourishment, rather than caresses, if it is to keep on with its growth. What our young writers want, it seems to me, is an opportunity to live quietly and find their depths; and a perpetual blaring of their genius and uniqueness is a more formidable system of discouragement than Gifford ever practised. It is hard enough to distinguish between achieved individuality and mere crotchetiness; and if our criticism gives a man nothing to tussle with, he is greatly in danger of becoming a law unto himself; which is a pretty sure way of keeping him from being a law unto anybody else. One should not perhaps blame the publishers for cackling over all their ducklings as if they were swans; still, it is well to remember that in Andersen's parable the swan grew to maturity without any one taking it for more than an ugly duckling. While Mr. Frank's hardy genius will probably survive even Mr. Munson's study, it should never have been put to the test.

Almost as irritating, perhaps, as Mr. Munson's treatment of Waldo Frank is his way of dealing with Mr. Frank's critics; and here my grievance is personal, and I have an axe to grind. Almost a quarter of this study is devoted to excerpts from criticisms, which unite into a veritable din of praise by the simple expedient of omitting all the qualifying clauses, sentences and paragraphs in which the praise is embedded. These excisions are unfair to Mr. Frank, unfair to his critics and unfair to the unsuspecting reader; and the least Mr. Munson might have done in his "Selected Critical Opinion Appendix" was to explain in a footnote the basis upon which these little testimonials had been selected. It needs the spleen of the Edinburgh reviewers to reproach this sort of thing with sufficiently mortal venom. *"This will never do."*

LEWIS MUMFORD.

"Nicanor Lay Dead in His Harness"

David Lubin: A Study in Practical Idealism, by Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Boston: Little Brown & Company. $3.50.

THE founder of the International Institute of Agriculture and the delegate of the United States to the Institute, David Lubin, lay dead at Rome. On the day of his burial, Woodrow Wilson in his rôle of apostle for the League of Nations entered the Eternal City, and in the excitement the United States Embassy forgot to send a representative to the funeral. The incident is significant. Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona!

The Institute was David Lubin's triumphant achievement. Signora Agresti calls it the "first league of nations"; this may be an appraisal too high or too low—depending upon one's viewpoint. The Institute is a functional piece of international machinery which works. It was the only international organization which continued its operations during the late war. Its basis was international need plus specific international activity. It was and is more than a generalization, or a series of deductive ideals. We may live to learn that effective international cooperation can only be achieved according to this process.

Incidentally, another of David Lubin's neglected suggestions might be revived with profit. His international reserve board if established shortly after the war might have pointed a path toward the solution of the problem of national indebtedness.

But, David Lubin accomplished so much that his biography needs no reflected glory from unfulfilled ideas. He was born of Jewish parents in Russian Poland. The nineteenth century was half-spent, and the latter part of the century was to witness that most remarkable of human migrations from Europe to America. In this stream came David Lubin to be cast up on New York's East Side. Signora Agresti's story from this point onward is not entirely convincing. The dramatic events are there, but one has the feeling that the biographer has absorbed too much of her subject's philosophy to make a realistic portrayal possible. David Lubin believed that "right thinking in the abstract leads to right action in the concrete," and all his life was patterned after this dictum. It is also the guide to his biography. In consequence, many of his activities are accounted for by rationalizations which modern psychology teaches us to distrust.

E. C. L.

For Eager Lovers

For Eager Lovers, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.25.

THERE is a somewhat regrettable modern tendency to rank all artists arithmetically—one, two, three and the ruck following. The attention of the public has been called to the three foremost Shakespearean actors, to the three contemporary masters of scenic design, to a triumvirate of preeminent American novelists. Yet in some fashion a review must suggest a ranking for its subject

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or it has failed in its main purpose. At the outset it may as well be said that Genevieve Taggard's For Eager Lovers lifts her at once into the first flight of living American poets.

She appears to be about the only gifted experimenter with rhythm aside from the makers of free verse. Her problem is the indication of emotion through novel and characteristic music. She can write in the clanging sonorous strain with any one going, but she skips beats, turns unexpectedly, tricks the reader into new steps before he is aware they are coming. Her lines must be read slowly as they would be spoken, for her pauses have the emphasis and her words the solidity of passionate speech. Take the first paragraph of Ice Age:

> Noiselessly the planets will blow by,
> Like smoke, like breath, like driven snow;
> Frost-bitten suns on on, on on will blow;
> Over earth's curve, the moons, like birds, will fly,
> Making no noise and only vague shadow.

Here there is no law save that imposed by the coordination of a sharp eye for things seen, a sharp ear for things heard. It is a natural and spontaneous yet intricate lyricism.

That Miss Taggard can sing easily and perfectly in more regular metre there is plenty of evidence. The two first lines of The Futile are in an idiom of her own, the stanza that comes after is almost pure balladry:

> *The stone falls, the bird flies, the arrow goes home,*
> *But we have no motion, we scatter like foam.*
>
> O, give me a song to sing for your sorrow,
> A song that will lift, like a wave from the reef,
> You and myself, that will fling like an arrow
> My poor scattered words to the target of grief:
> I want to forget, to remember no morrow,
> To go with the petrel, to go with the leaf. . . .

As is true of any book of good verse one would like to quote it all, or nearly all, especially the magical Epithalamium, With Child, Very Young Love and the Unacknowledged Dedication. Since there is no space for them here and those who want them will find them, I pick out instead these three lines, exquisitely wrought, from the epitaph of a spider, To a Magnificent Spinner, Murdered:

> You stitched the air with level darts, the sun
> Slid on your silvers. Now they slant oblique
> Like strokes of rain. . . .

It would be difficult to better such workmanship.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

Books of the Month

The Captain's Doll
by *D. H. Lawrence.* (Seltzer; $2.00)

Fiery Particles
by *C. E. Montague.* (Doubleday; $1.75)

Lady into Fox
by *David Garnett.* (Knopf; $1.50)

The Fascinating Stranger
by *Booth Tarkington.* (Doubleday; $2.00)

Things Far and Near
by *Arthur Machen.* (Knopf; $2.00)

These United States, A Symposium
edited by *Ernest Gruening.*
(Boni & Liveright; $3.00)

The Federalist: A Compilation
(Putnam; $3.50)

Woman Suffrage and Politics
by *Carrie Chapman Catt*
and *Nettie Rogers Shuler.* (Scribner; $3.00)

The Social Revolution in Mexico
by *Edward Alsworth Ross.* (Century; $1.75)

A Man from Maine
by *Edward Bok.* (Scribner; $3.00)

The World Crisis
by *Winston Churchill.* (Scribner; $6.50)

Whither France? Whither Europe?
by *Joseph Caillaux.* (Knopf; $2.50)

Conflict and Dream
by *W. H. R. Rivers.* (Harcourt; $3.75)

The Hills Give Promise
by *Robert Hillyer.* (Brimmer; $2.00)

The Life of Louise Imogen Guiney
by *E. M. Tenison.* (Macmillan; $5.00)

Christianity and Progress
by *Harry Emerson Fosdick.* (Revell; $1.50)

Political Christianity
by *A. Maude Royden.* (Putnam; $1.25)

Contributors

GEORGE W. ANDERSON, judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Boston, since 1918, was United States district attorney in Massachusetts 1914-17. During the war he was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and was influential in formulating the legislation under which the government took over the operation of the railroads.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL, for many years professor in modern history at the University of Chicago, has recently spent several months in the Southern Tyrol. His most recently published book is The History of the Balkan Peninsula.

WALTER LIPPMANN, formerly an editor of the New Republic, is now on the editorial staff of the New York World. He is the author of A Preface to Politics, Liberty and the News, Public Opinion, etc.

ROBERT FROST, for the last two years poet in residence at the University in Michigan, has published a number of volumes of poetry, A Boy's Will, North of Boston, A Mountain Interval. His Selected Poems has recently been issued by Henry Holt and Company.

ARTHUR RUHL spent last summer in Russia with the American Relief Administration.

ARTHUR GLEASON, editor and journalist, is a frequent contributor to the magazines and the author of several books on industrial subjects, What the Workers Want, Workers' Education, etc.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of The Story of Utopias, recently published by Boni & Liveright.

MAXWELL ANDERSON is an editor of the Measure, a magazine of poetry. He is also connected with the New York World.

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